

THE  
COURT  
BEGGER.

A  
COMEDIE.

Acted at the *Cock-pit*, by his  
MAJESTIES Servants,  
*Anno 1632.*

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WRITTEN  
By  
RICHARD BROME.

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MART.  
*Hic totus volo rideat Libellus.*

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LONDON.  
Printed for RICHARD MARRIOT, and  
THO. DRING, and are to be sold at their  
Shops in *Fleet-street*, 1653.

THE  
COURT

BY GEORGE

COMPTON

Author of the "Cook's Book," by his  
Son, the Rev. George Compton,  
Bishop of Exeter.

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NEW

REVISED EDITION

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MADE

IN THE ROYAL MANUFACTURE

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LONDON

Printed for Richard Mansel, and  
The Stationers' Company,  
in Strand, 1855.





## Drammatis Personæ.

**S**IR *Andrew Mendicant*, an old Knight, turnd a projector.

Mr. *Court-wit*, a Complementer.

Mr. *Swayn-wit*, a blunt Countrey Gentleman.

Mr. *Cit-wit*, a Citizens Son that supposes himselfe a wit.

Mr. *Daynty*, a supposed Picturedrawer, but a Pick-pocket.

Sir *Raphael*, an old Knight that talkes much and would be thought wise.

Sir *Ferdinand*, a Knight distracted for love of the Lady *Strangelove*.

*Frederick*, in love with *Charissa*.

*Gabriel*, servant to *Mendicant*.

Doctor of Physick.

Three poore Projectors.

A Sowgelder.

A Boy.

Lady *Strangelove*, a humerous widow, that loved to be courted.

*Philomet* her Chambermaide.

*Charissa*, *Mendicants* Daughter.

## PROLOGUE.

**W**Es'ue cause to fear yours, or the Poets frowne  
For of late day's (he know's not (how) y' are grown,  
Deeply in love With a new strayne of Wit  
Which he condemns, at least disliketh it,  
And solemnely protests you are to blame  
If at his hands you doe expect the same ;  
Hee'l tread his usuall way, no gaudy Sceane  
Shall give instructions, what his plot doth meane ;  
No handsome Love-toy shall your time beguile  
Forcing your pittie to a sigh or smile,  
But a slight piece of mirth, yet such were writ  
By our great Masters of the Stage and Wit,  
Whom you approv'd: let not your suffrage then  
Condemne't in him, and prayse't in other men.

Troth Gentlemen let me advise yee, spare  
To vex the Poet full of age and care,  
How he might strive to please yee, and beguile  
His humerous expectation With a smile,  
As if you would be satisfy'd, although  
His Comedie containes no antique show.

Yet you to him your favour may expresse  
As well as unto those whose forwardnesse  
Make's them your Creatures thought, who in a way  
To purchase fame give money With their Play,  
Yet you sometimes pay deare for't, since they Write  
Lesse for your pleasure than their own delight.

Which if our Poet sayle in, may he be  
A Sceane of Mirth in their next Comedye.

THE

THE  
C O U R T  
B E G G E R.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*Mendicant, Charissa.*

*Men.* Y O' have given him then his answer ?

*Cha.* Forc'd by you,

Heaven knowes with my much sorrow. Such a Lover  
So in all points deserving of true worth,  
And best indowments to make up a Man  
That I shall never see——your pardon sir,  
Though you pulld back, by violence, my hand,  
In which my heart was freely given to him,  
It is not in your power or strength of art  
To beat a sigh back, or restraine a teare  
Which I must offer to his memory.

*Men.* Such stormes soone waft themselves in absent  
When light of Reason, and good Counsell shall (Lovers  
Breake forth and shine upon 'em : and for your part  
Daughter, I know it shall. And, presently,

*I thus begin to dissipate your errors;  
You love this Frederick.*

*Cha.* Love knows I do.

*Men.* You say he is deserving in all points.

*Cha.* My love emboldens me to tell you he is.

*Men.* *Charissa*, take me with you. Is he not  
Deficient in that onely absolute point  
That must maintaine a Lady, an estate?

*Cha.* Love weighes not that.

*Men.* What can he shew you more  
To take you with, then a wild head of hayre;  
A very Limebush to catch Lady-birds?  
A Tissue Doublet; and a Riband shop  
Hung in his Hatbands, might set up a Pedler?  
Can this maintaine a Lady?

*Cha.* You but looke  
Upon his outside fir.

*Men.* I trust you have not  
Bin over inwardly acquainted with him.

*Cha.* Sir, he has Valour, Wit, and Honour, you well know  
Hee's of a noble Family extracted.

*Men.* What's that a yeare? those parts may be acquire  
In winning of a strumper. But what Jointure  
Can he propound to you? or, (in case he dyes,  
Your Dowry being spent) what personall Estate  
Ist like hee'l leave you, but his Powder glasse,  
His Combe and Beard-brush, and perhaps a Trunkfull  
Of Elegies, Raptures, Madrigalls and Sonnets?  
No let him goe; discard him: and embrace  
The hopes that I have for thee in the hopefull,  
Exquisite Cavalier, Courtier and Souldier,  
Scholler, (and what not!) brave Sir *Ferdinando*:  
There's a Man rising in the favour Royall,  
And may in thee *Charissa*, make me happy.

*Cha.* Sir you have given me liberty of speech;

*The Court Begger.*

and may be pless'd to let me tell you now,  
on aime at your own fortune, not at mine.

*Men.* I seeke no fortune, but for thy advancement :  
all that I shall call mine must be thine owne.

*Cha.* I would be playner yet ; beseeching you  
be not thought too lose in my obedience.

*Men.* Speake freely Girle.

*Cha.* Your ayme has bin to raise  
you state by Court-suits, begging as some call it,  
and for that end you left your Countrey life,  
and Lands too ever since my Mother dy'd,  
who while she liv'd with best of womans judgement  
which held you from that course of selling faire  
possessiones to enable you with money  
to purchase wit at Court. You pardon me ?

*Men.* On, on.

*Cha.* And for th'Exchange of a faire Mansion-house  
large fruitfull Fields, rich Medowes and sweet pastures  
well cropt with corne and stockd as well with Cattrell,  
parke well stor'd with Deere too, and Fishponds in't,  
and all this for a lodging in the Strand now——  
But doe I not offend ?

*Men.* No, no, on still.

(Poultry

*Cha.* Your own fed Beefes and Muttons, Fowle and  
loaded your long boords then ; and you had then  
Neighbours could boast your hospitality,  
and poore, that for the remnants prayd for you,  
now all concludes upon a two-dishd table.  
and whereas then you had a numerous Family  
Of Servants and Attendants, out of which  
for profit or for pleasure you could call  
Your Bayliffe, Groom, your Falconer, or your Huntsman,  
now sir, a Varlet Coachman, and Footboy  
are all your Retinue ; and for the Hounds  
you kept, that made you sport and Musick, now

None

*The Court Begger.*

None but your project Beagles, that smell out  
Where such a forfeiture is to be begg'd;  
Where one would purchase a Reprieve, another  
A Pardon or a lease of Life Rops-free  
For ready money: Then where Goods or Lands  
Are found of men that make away themselves,  
And so of fooles and madmen; All to set  
Your trade of Begging up, and still you beg:  
But your own want of favour holds you back  
From reaching any profit by't, because  
You beg by Mediators tongues, which you  
Call Favorites, who reape the crop of all,  
And leave you but the Gleanings; some small pittance  
To keepe alive the itch of begging in you——

*Men.* Shee speakes home and within me, to the purpose.

*Cha.* Still wasting your own fortunes; till at last  
You have no hopefull project left to thrive by  
But to put me upon this suppos'd favorite  
To beg for you when it is doubtfull yet  
Whether hee'l take me with the Dowry, which  
Mine Unkle left me, though you adde your projects.

*Men.* The noble Gallant loves thee, Girle, and holds  
Thy Person and thy vertues Dowry enough,

*Cha.* He is a wanton Lover, full of change,  
And at this instant singularly devoted  
Unto that humorous Lady, the young Widow.

*Men.* The Lady Strangelove?

*Cha.* Shee is ambitious

To draw all mens affections to her service,  
And then abuses all by scornes or slighings,  
And this (they say) has made him almost mad.

*Men.* He mad! believe it not: his reason is  
Married to him better then so. How now!  
Ha' you seene the noble Knight from me?  
How did he entertaine my Message? ha!

*The Court Begger.*

by speakst thou not? what answer has he sent?

*Enter Gabrel.*

*Gab.* Hee's not Sir to be spoken with or scene  
to any purpose; but by his Phisitians.

*Men.* So sodainly and dangerously sick,  
Where are my hopes?

*Gab.* I cannot say how sick  
he is; nor can himselfe give any account  
of his condition: for he is mad sir.

*Men.* How I mad?

*Gab.* Starke staring mad; as mad  
as you can thinke a Courtier must be  
that is more mad then all the rest.

*Men.* If this be true I sinke, what is suppos'd  
the cause?

*Gab.* That sir has puzzell'd all the Doctors  
weighing all his severall wild affections;  
he findes he was ambitious of Court favour,  
and guesstes he was cross'd in some great suite;  
another takes him as he was a Souldier,  
and losing cost and travaile in the warre  
must lose his wits for that. A third collectts  
he was a Poet that drunk too deepe of *Helicon*,  
and turnd his braine in clyming of *Parnassus*:  
fourth considering that he was a Gamster  
and much favourd, and uprais'd by fortune  
to mountaynous heapes of Gold, conjectures, that  
some late unlucky hand or chance at play  
with his money swept his wit away.

*Men.* Fy, these can be no causes to remove,  
he shake his settled judgement or his temper.

*Gab.* Then sir a fift and youngst head among  
learned men (what call you him for a Doctor?  
by that affects gay clothes and Flanders Laces,  
a trim effeminate Gentleman) he

Has



*The Court Begger.*

His known this noble patient to have beene  
An extreame Amorist, desperately devoted  
Unto the service of some threescore Ladies,  
And honord every one the most in costly presents,  
Banquets and Verses ; and thinks the disdain  
Of one or all of them has turnd his braine.

*Cha.* I told you fir, the cause before ; and nam'd  
That humorous Lady for it, whom in heart  
I can no lesse then thanke.

*Men.* Goe, get you up.  
And stirre not from my Chamber on my blessing  
Till my returne, nor admit any one  
Unto a conference with you.

*Cha.* I obey you. *Exit.*

*Gab.* Some of your project searchers wait without  
Loden it seemes with new intelligences.

*Men.* They may come in : but as I feare they bring  
Me little comfort, I am sure I shall  
Afford them none. Now fir, your businesse ?

*Enter 3 Projectors.*

1. *Pro.* We wait upon your honour my good Lord  
To crave the knowledg of what good successe  
Your honor finds in our late suits my Lord.

*Men.* Why honor ? why my Lord ?

2. *Pro.* We stile you now.

3. *Pro.* As all must doe hereafter.

1. *Pro.* Yes, and that

In a short space of time, the world holds no  
Proportion else, nor shall it more be sayd  
That money can buy Land ; or great Estates  
In Lands and Mannor-houses be call'd Lordships.

1. 2. 3. Or wealth joynd with desert attaine to hon

*Gab.* So now the Game's afoot. They hunt in full

1. *P.* My Lord 'tis most apparant,

*Men.* How you torture me !



*The Court Begger.*

1.P. Wee'l mak't appeare most plainly on our lives.

3.P. And credits too.

*Gab.* Their Lives and credits, ha, ha, ha.

1.P. That in the space of one whole year our projects  
Shall bring in fifty thousand pounds to us,  
And hundred thousand to your selfe; and to  
The Coffers Royall for full seaven years space  
64 Thousand 783 l. 7 s. 9 d ob. q. per annum,  
Tis here already cast. Which to make good  
Wee'l venture Lives and Goods.

2.P. Our Wives and Children. (*Mend. takes*

3.P. We can ingage no more. (*the scroll and*

*Gab.* A wondrous strange ingagement (*peruses it.*

Your lives and goods; your wives & children gentlemen!  
That's too deep set, and questions the Kings Mercy:  
Me thinks it were enough, for non-performance  
You would submit your bodies to perpetuall  
Imprisonment at the Kings charge; and leave  
Your wives and children to their severall Parishes  
You are still faithlesse fir, in all projects:

1. But when you shall perceive the wealthy sonnes  
Dayly brought in, and be, continually,  
Troubled with the Receipts (if you may be trusted  
That have so little faith) when you shall soyle  
And gall your fingers ends with telling money,  
Yet find the lickings of 'em sweet, you'l then  
Sing other Notes.

2. Meane time entreat my Lord  
To put you to some Tellers Clarke to teach you  
Ambo-dexterity in telling money.

*Gab.* Do you hear fir? Can you give me two sixpences  
For a shilling—or any single money? 2.P. *Pisb.*

*Gab.* Cry mercy, you weare none in ready coine,  
But all in Bullion lockt up in your brave-chests,  
And there you have the treasure of the *Indies*;

*The Court Begger*

Of deeper value, could it be digg'd out;  
Then all the *Hollanders* have waited for  
These 7 yeares out of the Spanish plate fleets. 3. Page.

*Gab.* But put mine eye out (now I dare you to't)  
With any single peece of ready money.

*1. P.* My Lord your man abuses us here strangely  
With his old misbeliefe. But still we doubt not  
Your honourable good opinion of us.

*2. P.* You have pervs'd this weighty paper here.

*Men.* It weighs not all twelve graines.

*1. P.* No more?

Nay the whole platforme of a stately City,  
Or a designe to conquer a whole Nation,  
But doe you note the grounds, the Rules and Reasons,  
First for the easinesse of the severall grants.

*2. P.* Next for performance of our undertakings.

*3. P.* And then the certainty o' th' propounded profits  
Both to the King and us.

*1. P.* Without all grievance unto the subject.

*Fab.* That's no little marvaile.

*1. P.* Take 'em into particulars my Lord,  
First this for Perrukes. The Monopoly  
Of making all the Perrukes male and female,  
Through Court and Kingdome.

*Gab.* There's a capitall project.

*2. P.* Note the necessity, that they be well made  
Of no diseas'd or infectious stufte, of dead or living,  
No verminous or sluttish locks or combings,  
But harmlesse and sound haire, of innocent,  
And wholesome people.

*Gab.* They must then reape none  
From Gallowses, nor Hospitalls; from whence  
They have had great supplies.

*1. P.* You have in that  
Said very well; For here's a Reformation

*The Court Begger.*

Of that abuse intended in these words  
Innocent and wholesome.

*Gab.* How if a man or woman shall desire  
To weare a friends hayre so departed ; as  
You his ; or your wife yours ; may't not be had ?

*1. P.* Or if your friend or Mistris dye so , you  
Procure the haire and bring it from the Gallows  
To th' office , and it may be done accordingly.

*Gab.* You have in that said very well Sir too.

*1. P.* Now out of this provision, what an infinite  
Profit will rise i' th' generall use of 'em,  
And multiplicity that will be worne  
By people of all sorts, degrees and ages :  
The old to hide their naturall baldnesse, and  
The young and middle-ag'd their artificiall  
Or accidentall.

*Gab.* By the pox or so.

*1. P.* They shall be brought into that reputation  
That none shall be esteem'd so sound or wise  
As publique wearers of them : which to effectuate  
Tis requisite that you obtaine a Mandat  
Unto all Courtiers, that would be thought wise  
To weare false hayre : because clownes have been noted  
To walke like fooles or mad men in their own.

*Men.* No more of that.

*1.* What say to this my Lord,  
Touching new fashions of apparrell ; sutes,  
Hats, Boots, Swords, Belts, Ribands, &c.  
For every wearer of his first o'th' fashion  
To pay a groat to th' King ; and every Tradesman  
Two pence on every severall piece he sells  
Of any such new fashion the first yeare ?

*Gab.* And what may this pride money amount unto  
*Per annum*, can you guesse ?

*Men.* I will not meddle in it.

2. No my good Lord.

*Men.* No, nor your Perrukes neither.

3. What say to this my Lord of the Balconyes ?

*Men.* Nor that.

1. This then for sucking out of cornes.

*Men.* Away with it.

2. This then : that on the birth of every Girl  
The Father pay a groat ; to hearten men  
To live soberly and get Souldiers.

*Men.* Away.

1. This makes amends for all then. A new project  
For buylding a new Theatre or Play-house  
Upon the *Thames*, on Barges or flat boats  
To helpe the watermen out of the losse  
They've suffer'd by Sedans ; under which project  
The subject groanes, when for the ease of one  
Two abler men must suffer ; and not the price,  
Or pride of Horse-flesh or Coach-hire abated.  
This shall bring floods of gaine to th' watermen  
Of which they'l give a fourth of every fare  
They shall boord at the floating Theatre,  
Or set ashore from thence, the Poets and Actors  
Halfe of their first yeares profits.

*Men.* Fy away.

1. This is a weighty one: For massy summes  
That may be freely given out of the City,  
To have but this assurance, that hereafter  
They may ingrosse the getting of their own  
Children : by order tane that Cavaliers,  
And Courtiers may no more invade,  
Or mix with Tradesmens wives : whereby tis thought  
So many City Prodigalls have been gotten;  
Onely the thrifty countrey Gentlemen  
To be excepted : for by them 'tis guest  
So many Citizens grow landed men.

Ga.

*The Court Begger.*

*Gab.* Were not they gorten by Projectors think you?

3. My Lord your servant jceres us.

*Men.* To deale plainly

I doe allow't in him ———

*Gab.* Heaven has heard my prayers.

*Men.* And will heare him or any man oppose

All that is put to me by way of project

To put me by all further hopes in 'em :

For ( with hearts grieve I speake it ) he by whom  
I onely hop'd to climbe ( alas ) is fallen.

1. What out of favour ?

*Men.* No, out of his Reason.

2. The noble Cavalier sir *Ferdinando*.

3. That late stood candidate for the favour royall,  
Is he now fallen besides himselfe ?

*Men.* Even he.

1. What have you then to doe my Lord  
In lieu of all your service but beg him ?

*Men.* His greater and his nearer friends at Court  
Will prevent me.

2. They shall not, never feare it.

1. Come we will make quick worke of this.  
My Lord you shall disburse but twenty pieces.

2. Among us three. 3. And we will instantly  
Finde his estate. 1. And lay you down a way  
So plaine that you shall say All's yours,  
Before you stir a foot.

*Gab.* But when he has travell'd  
Till he has tir'd himselfe, he shall returne,  
And say All's lost, ist not so Gentlemen ?

*Men.* I will not part with any money firs.

1. Trust me you doe not well to put my Lord  
Off o' his benefit, by disheartning him  
In this small venture. Will you then be pleas'd  
To give us but ten pieces.

*The Court Begger.*

*Men.* Not a penny.

2. Five you shall my Lord,  
And stand no longer thus in your own light.

3. Or but a piece a Man.

*Men.* Not a denier.

1. A dinner then my Lord, but of one piece.

*Men.* My answers cannot please you. Answer 'em  
you.

*Gab.* I wonder how you having stretch'd your throats  
With the loud sounds of thousands, hundred thousands  
Can, after all, so faintly whisper forth  
One piece; and that as much in vaine, as all  
The massy summes: for all but brings you nothing,  
It shewes you Gentlemen of resolute patience;  
And would take thankfully I warrant you  
An od halfe crowne amongst you: and what say you  
To every man a kick on the condition?  
What say you to one with tother?

1. This abuse  
Shall lose your Master a hundred thousand pound.

*Gab.* Goe coine your bullion braines into the money  
And come againe. My master was  
Your Lord even now, as he was Lord of Beggers.

1. I hope to live to see him beg of us.

*Gab.* Out hundreds, thousands, ten thousands, hundred,  
thousands, Millions, ten Millions, Millions upon Millions  
Away, i'll stamp your buttocks into coyne else. (*Ex. Pro.*  
The Devill ride that hindmost of 'em, for (*jestors.*  
A raw bon'd Jade: Sfoot he has lam'd my toes.

*Men.* I am glad I am so rid of 'em, and now  
As th'art my Servant and my loving Kinsman——

*Gab.* To follow you in all things but in Projects.

*Men.* Looke to my House and Daughter, that she start  
Nor any entrance be allowd to *Fredrick* (not;  
To re-intangle her in his Love. I know

Thy



*The Court Begger.*

Thy vertue and thy valour can make good  
My trust impos'd in thee.

*Gab.* You need not feare fir  
But, good fir, no more projects.

*Men.* I have but one,  
On which I'll set my rest. Thould say tis good.

*Gab.* Except it be the begging of this Madman  
It can be nothing.

*Men.* Tis the very same :  
By which I will advance my house and name. *Exit.*

*Gab.* The Beggers best is that he feeles no shame:  
Spacious what meane you? Ha' you forgot so soone  
Your Fathers strict command, and he scarce gone yet?

*Enter Charissa.*

*Cha.* Alas hee'l then meet *Fredrick* and divert him,  
I saw him at the window making this way.

*Gab.* He gets no entrance to you. I must obey  
A master though you can neglect a father.

*Cha.* Be not so cruell. Thou mayst live to love,  
And need the pittie of a friend.

*Gab.* I pittie you,  
And will do no more then you know how to aske  
For your own good. I understand your cause  
And can relieve you if you'll yeild to counsell.

*Cha.* You are my Kinsman ; and have bin my friend,  
Though you observe my father who, I feare,  
Has not a fathers love towards me.

*Gab.* His love is great and certaine,  
And all his travell is for your advancement :  
But he goes blindfold on unprosperous wayes  
Led by credulity. Projects ! pox o' projects  
The patron of his projects is (it seemes )  
Pepper'd with madnesse. Tis but Justice on him,  
And now i'll give you a secret if you'l promise  
To be rul'd by me.

*The Court Begger.*

*Cha.* You shall rule me cosen.

*Gab.* This *Ferdinand*, your fathers great Court-godling  
Nere sought you for a wife; but to have whor'd you:  
(That is the English on't) and to appeare  
A right great man in th'act, he would ha' made  
By hopes and promises your credulous Father  
The instrument of your prostitution:  
Which to effect, (though still he undertook  
His hopefull projects) cunning Lawyer-like  
He crost or lost him still in all, on purpose  
That poverty at length might urge him to  
Give you to his dispose.

*Cha.* This was my feare.

*Gab.* Away: some body comes.

*Cha.* Tis *Fredrick*. I must see him.

*Gab.* You'l never see him more then, Go to your cham:  
A little patience and he shall be yours. (ber.

*Cha.* So dos a heart consume in lingring fire,  
When cooling hopes are cast on hot desire. *Exit.*

*Gab.* Poore heart I pittie her, and will labour for her.

*Enter Frederick.*

*Fred.* O *Gabriel*! I am happy in finding thee,  
Thy master absent, whom I saw, in hast  
Now passing towards the Court, Where's my *Charissa*?

*Gab.* You may not see her.

*Fred.* May not see her sir?

*Gab.* May not! nay must not: shall not see her.

*Fred.* Y<sup>e</sup> are very plaine with me.

*Gab.* Her owne command  
Warrants me speake it sir.

*Fred.* A villaine speakes it.

*Draw.*

*Gab.* I have a sword speakes other language for me.

*Fred.* Can she whose thoughts are truth, and written  
Here in this breast, giving me ample welcome, (here,  
Give thee a countermand to bar me from it?)

Wouldst



*The Court Begger.*

Wouldst thou make her a double hearted monster ?  
Or like another woman ?

Repent thee of thy trespassse yet and live.

*Gab.* Sir, if you thinke to fight, talke not too much ;  
Or, if you needs must talke, then heare as well.

*Fred.* What wouldst thou say ?

*Gab.* Sir, I have more to say

Then fits this place, since you are apt to quarrell ;

And this no ground to bustle on : nor indeed

Where I dare for my honesty and trust

Allow you longer stay. If therefore you

Will walke, I'll wait upon you ; and direct you

In a more ready way to finde *Charissa*.

*Fred.* Is shee not here i' th' house ?

*Gab.* O sir, a man

May come within his arme-reach of his money

In the Exchequer : but he must walke about

To finde due order e're he draw it out.

*Fred.* The fellow's honest, valiant, and discreet,

Full man, in whom those three additions meet.

*Gab.* Sir, dare you trust me ?

*Fred.* Yes I dare ; and why ?

Because if thou dar'st fight, thou dar'st not lie.

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ACT II. SCENE I.

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*Enter Philomel, Court-Wit, Sways-Wit, Cit-Wit.*

*Phi.* **H**ERE in this gallery Gentlemen you may, at your  
Untill my Lady comes, walk or sit. (pleasure,  
*Com.* Or lie down if you please.

*The Court Begger.*

*Ph.* If you so, wrong not my Ladies Couch with your Spurres I pray : take heed you leave not a Rowell there.

*Sw.* If one should, your Lady has no Lord to call her honour to question, whose Knight-hood it belong'd unto.

*Phil.* You have a good countrey wit sir.

*Sw.* My name is *Swayne-wit* ; and for all you twit me with the Countrey, I am a Gentleman tho'.

*Ph.* I honour you the more sir, for I am a Countrey Maide my selfe.

*Sw.* Thou art a baggage, and a bold one, I am deceiv'd else.

I would be further acquainted with you tho'. (*Kisse long.*  
Have you done now ? You will have time enough for Further and better acquaintance.

Thou art a Jackanapes of the basest tricks that ever I saw, for a halfe-penny. Shee's your choyce, is shee ? Could not you let be tho' ? I ha' bin acquainted with thee but two dayes, and forgi' me for swearing, I ha' found thee beating ripe a skore o' times at least. Take heede I begin not now, and handsell your Lad'es house, that is so much talkt on, and your Gentlewomans presence here with a fist about your eares.

*Con.* Not for a thousand pound.

*Sw.* That's a great deale of money. I could find i' my heart to do't tho'.

*Con.* Slife we are all undone then.

*Sw.* He sets my teeth on edge to looke upon him : He lookes so like a wilding crab, good neither for drink nor sauce.

*Ph.* Why would you presse him then ?

*Sw.* Thou hast a verjuice wit.

*Ph.* For my poore sake forbear sir.

*Sw.* Let him stand further then, and looke o' to side.

*The Court Beggar.*

*Cit.* Well fir, this is no cause nor place to fight in,  
when——

*Sw.* What sayes he?

*Ph.* Nothing, you heare he whistles tother way.

*Sw.* Tother way, what backwards?

*Ph.* What new guest ha' you brought here Mr. *Court-wit*, for my Lady to laugh at?

*Con.* One for that purpose *Phil*, you ha' spoke the man,  
But what company has my Patronesse, that shee is yet  
busy.

*Sw.* I that ! If shee be long busy I will not stay, and  
shee were ten great Ladies, or one as big as twenty, for  
all shee is your Patronesse, must we wait out of our wits,  
because *Chalivers* ran mad for her?

*Ph.* Ha' you heard o' that fir?

*Sw.* My Cozen *Court-wit's* question was who's with  
her?

*Ph.* O sweet Mr. *Court-wit*, when will you bring the  
fine civill Gentleman, that maintaines himselfe so gal-  
lantly by picture drawing?

*Sw.* Here's a new businesse ! Fare yee well, pray tell  
your Lady I came not from Pensans to grow here.

*Ph.* Nay sweet fir stay, there is fir with my Lady none  
but the grave and witty talking Knight. Some call him the  
metropolitane wit of Court; he that loves Ladyes so-  
ciety so much, and yet has vow'd virginity.

*Con.* As much as in man lies *Phil*; Hee is a perpetuall  
vowd batchellor indeed, and as constant to his vow as  
to his fashion in apparrell, which is ever the same, fir  
*Raphael Winter-plum*.

*Cit.* That old witherd piece. I know him.

*Sw.* Thou wilt beare up again.

*Cit.* He has lick'd up a living with his tongue; makes  
all great tables his own; and eats for his talke: He may  
be conversant with women: for (they say) he guelt him-  
selfe

*The Court Begger.*

selfe beyond Sea for spight one did him ; and now preaches chastity to Ladies , and love to their husbands. Hee's a Lay-gospeller among the married sort, and an espeeiall pedant to the youth o' Court.

*Con.* Fy, thou speakst too much.

*Sw.* There's another humor I could beat thee for with all my heart, thou wilt speake outrageously of all men behinde their backs , and darst not answer Ba —— to the face of a sheep, O I could pommell thee.

*Cit.* This is not yet a cause to fight for, when ——

*Ph.* But will not that fine Gentleman Mr. *Dainty* come, Mr. *Court-wit* ?

*Con.* I expect him presently.

*Ph.* I'll see if their conference be ended , or breake it if I can, and hasten my Lady to you. *Exit.*

*Sw.* This wench has a dainty wit.

*Con.* Shee may , living with the prime Lady-wit in towne.

*Sw.* But what *Dainty* is that shee talkes on so affectionately ?

*Con.* Troth a Gentleman that lives at a good rate ; very civill in conversation, keepes good company ; yet none of his acquaintance that I am acquainted with knowes his beginning, or his present meanes.

*Sw.* A Gentleman borne.

*Con.* I know no more but by his port, and fashon, you saw him with me last night.

*Sw.* Forgi' me for swearing, Ist he ?

*Con.* He was at the Play with us too, doe you not remember that ?

*Sw.* Yes, that I was at the Play, by sure token and a sad one.

*Cit.* I'll shew you somewhat of him. A Gentleman borne did you aske ?

*Sw.* Now he beares up againe.

*Cit.*

*The Court Begger.*

*Cit.* Hee cannot be a Gentleman by birth or place.  
A fine-handed, and a fine headed fellow he is; and pre-  
sents great skill and practice too in Picture-drawing,  
Watch-making, and such like finger-workes; which he  
sayes he uses as a Gentlemans exercise, not as a trade to  
live upon; when either he does live on't; or else hee has  
some more secret way, as perhaps pimping or purring  
for ought I know.

*Sw.* There he is again! Art thou bound in conscience  
to wrong all men in their absence, till I beate thee into  
better manners?

*Con.* Hold, hold, I prithee hold.

*Cit.* Yet still the cause is insufficient, when——

*Con.* Here comes the Gentleman.

*Enter Dainty.*

*Cit.* Is hee come? Noble Mr. *Dainty*——The wel-  
come in the World. I protest I suffer'd by your absence.

*Dai.* You do me too much honour Mr. *Cit-wit*.

*Cit.* Oh sir, your humble servant.

*Sw.* Ha, ha. Forgi' me for swearing, what a Spaniell's  
this?

*Dai.* Gentlemen you are well found, I was a little  
stayd by the way upon receipt of monies. Ha' you seene  
the Lady yet?

*Con.* Shee's yet a little busy. We shall all instantly take  
the opportunity together.

*Dai.* But Gentlemen; you that have better knowledge  
of this Lady informe if you please, why are we summonsd  
hither?

*Con.* Thou speakst as if thou hadst guilt upon thee; fear  
nothing man.

*Sw.* I that's the thing that I would understand too.  
And why me of any man? They say indeed shee is a hu-  
morous Lady, and loves to busy her selfe. But what are  
we to her? are there not greater men, and Lords enough  
for

*The Court Begger.*

for her to foole away the time with, but we must dance attendance on her humors?

*Cit.* I protest Mr. *Swayn-wit*, I admire your ingenuity.

*Sw.* You will be meddling still.

*Cit.* Tis to your question sir, which I will answer.

*Sw.* I there's another of your cockscrombly tricks, to answer any question, that's ask'd another man, out with tho'.

*Cit.* This Lady sir, this humorous witty Lady is a wit-sponge, that suckes up wit from some, and holds as her own, untill shee squeeze it out on others. Shee will make use of ours, or any courser wits; and search 'em out to sift 'em. Shee will collect from market-folkes; and hold conferences with the poore Trades-people that cry their wares about the streets, Shee will rake wit out of a dunghill Ragwoman.

*Sw.* So there he is againe! darest thou abuse a noble Lady, in her owne house too? I dare not now but beat thee.

*Con.* Forbear good cosen.

*Cit.* Still, still, the cause is naught, when——

*Dai.* Ods so the Ladies comming I think.

*Enter Philomel.*

*Phil.* Gentlemen, my Lady cannot yet be rid of the tedious talking Knight. But shee will cast him presently. He is now following her into this roome, pray passe into the next; my Ladies Musick roome. There you shall find a collation of good Tobacco and Sack, and one to attend you, you know the fashions of the House Mr. Court-wit.

*Con.* Come away Gentlemen.

*Exit Gentlemen.*

*Phil.* I could even love and looke upon that sweet Mr. *Dainy* a whole houre methinks.

*Enter*



*The Court Begger*

*Enter Strange-love, and Sir Raphael.*

*Stra.* Goe your wayes down Mayd, and if any aske for *Sir Raphael* here, say that I hope hee will ha' done anon.

*Ra.* You would be rid of me : but pardon me Madam, I must hold your glasse to you.

*Stra.* That's a poore Chamber-mayds office ; and ill becomes your gravity *Sir Raphael*.

*Ra.* I'll open then the booke to you of your errors.

*Str.* Now you speake scholler-like, and your selfe : But have we spent all this while in by, and idle talke, and have that volume to be open'd yet ? Pray read mee for the first Lesson for this Mornings Exercise, and my Edification, the last Chapter of my book of errors as you call it.

*Ra.* You are a mocker of instruction, and good counsell.

*Str.* Begins it so ? whom is that spoken to ?

*Ra.* I speak to onely you ; to conjure (if I can) that spirit of scorne out of you ; which you have taken in, and long affected for a humor, your singular own humor, till it is grown so familiar, so inherent in you, that you have wonne the title of the humorous Lady by't ; and drawn a scorne upon your selfe.

*Stra.* Why then all's paid, and wellcome good *Sir Raphael*.

*Ra.* I am not gone so ; nor is all so payd : For there's a greater reckoning yet of Raylings, Reviling, Cursets by the many that Y have scornd and slighted, shot at you in hot vollies.

*Str.* They hit me not. I am sure I do not feeble 'em.

*R.* You may in time be sensible of their sufferings, Whom you have violently, and willfully abus'd With scorne and pride ; if you call to mind The cause, bred meerly out of humour ; cause you would have it so.

*Str.*

*The Court Begger.*

*Str.* You come too neare mee fir, cause I would have it so ?

*Ra.* Can it be otherwise ? Has it not ever bin Your practise, since your time of widow-hood To catch all mens affections? Tis indeed An honour to a Lady to have many suitors; But to lay bait for 'em only to delude 'em—— Is impiously dishonorable.

*Str.* Have I done so ?

*Ra.* Yes, and have gloried in it for your humour To lead men into brakes with foolish fire.

*Str.* If they will follow it, I cannot helpe it.

*Ra.* You might though have prevented the mishaps Of many, by a faire and free resistance In the beginnings of their suits of Courtships, And not to set your selfe at gaze to draw them on, And then allure them with assured hopes Of love and favour till you have wound their follies Into the reach of your disdain; and then To torture 'em, or having ta'ne 'em captives To slave and sell 'em to the worlds derision.

*Str.* O fir *Raphael*——

*Ra.* Shee feels compunction !  
I will pursue it to the quick.

*Str.* On good Sir *Raphael*.

*Ra.* Consider then good Madam, since I know, And your own conscience knowes, that you have made A secret vow from your late husbands death Never to marry, how better and more glorious It would be for your honor to declare Your constant purpose to a single life, Then to fall into the transgression Of robbing men so of their wits and reason, And all by willfull humor : as this late Unhappy accident of madnesse in



The hopefull Knight Sir *Ferdinando* cries  
Lowdly to your disgrace, and the worlds sorrow.

*Str.* Halfe the worlds sorrow is mine own  
For that sad accident, I would I could redcem't  
With halfe my health or life. But let me tell you  
(Now you have justly chidden me) that you  
Have a fault too.

*Ra.* What ist in your construction?

*Str.* As I conceal'd my vow of single living,  
And gave men leave to court me, by which meanes  
I won them into hopes, and robd their wits,  
You in declaring to the Court and City  
Your vow of chastity and single life,  
Yet dayly, nightly, howerly frequenting  
The company of Ladies, with your sweet,  
No lesse then grave discourse and conversation  
Have rob'd (nay I may say deflowr'd) more Ladies  
Of chast and honorable thoughts, then all  
The cavalry of Court.

*Ra.* Who I Madam!

*Str.* Even you sir *Raphael* (if unchast desires  
Must be held sinfull) I know some of them,  
And one (I feare) too well, that have bin subject  
Unto the breach of any vow for you,  
Yet you to vow a single and chast life;  
And publish your intent!

*Ra.* Tis with intent,  
And a religious purpose to decline,  
And divert womans fond affections from me.

*Str.* O, but forbidden things are womens longings!  
You have read, you have read (sir *Raphael*) you have  
read. (Falls

*La.* And travell'd too: yet never could discover (on her  
Such an example. (Couch.

*Str.* Pray sit down by me.

*Ra.*

Ra. Good thoughts possesse you Madam. I must hence.

Str. I'll not be tedious to you. One word I pray for.

Ra. Vertue, be thou my armor. Briefly then  
Let me intreat you Madam.

Str. Pray refuse not  
To sit downe by me.

Ra. Sanctity protect me. Sit.

Str. Sir, you are famous, and cry'd up by all  
For your great wisdom, Morall and Divine :  
You are the *Ipsa dixit* of the Court  
As I have heard you stil'd by men of learning,  
The Court Philosopher——

Ra. Madam to the point.

Str. What is our strength, and what is not our frailty?

Ra. Where is shee wandering now ? Bee playne  
Madam.

Str. Doe not my blushes (which I hope you pardon)  
Deliver you a message from my heart ?  
Which I want words to utter ? O these vowes !  
These rash and ill-made vowes ! do not your judgement  
Read something on this face ? pray look upon me.

Ra. I am no good interpreter of looks.

Str. I dare not speake, till you have first remov'd  
A weighty scruple, which doth much perplexe me.

Ra. You must first speake it Madam.

Str. Whether these vowes,  
( I meane your own, and mine, for single life )  
May safely be dispens'd with or absolv'd,  
And we become a lawfull paire in Marriage ?  
Pray fir resolve and blesse me in a Match.

Ra. Madam I'll pray for you. Starts up.

Str. You will first kill me  
With your disdain, and then you'll pray for me !  
Is that your Charity ?

*The Court Begger.*

*Ra.* I dare not heare you.

*Str.* Leave me not so.

*Ra.* Who waits upon my Lady here? *Exit.*

*Str.* I had no other way to shift him, would he would  
An errand now to *Rome* to quit my scruple; (make  
And rid the Court of an officious foole;  
Women some times have sent wise men to schoole.  
Is the Knight gone?

*Enter Philomel.*

*Ph.* And blessing of himselfe,  
As witch-craft were i'th' house.

*Str.* But where's my favorite *Court-wit*, has he brought  
his countrey Kinsman and the rest?

*Ph.* They are all in your wit-office Madam (as you  
call the Roome)

Passing the time among the Pipes and Bottles,  
And singing catches. Here you may heare 'em Ma-  
dam. *A catch.*

*Str.* Marry, this takes past all sic *Raphaels* Lectures,  
Go call 'em downe. *Exit Phi.*

This Madam troubles me, would he were right agen;  
Or I quit of the scandall.

*Enter Court-Swain, and Cit-wit.*

O Gentlemen I y'are welcome,  
And chiefly you that are the onely stranger,  
I ha' been so troubled with an overtalking sir, that he  
Has wound me into melancholly——

*Sw.* I wish you mirth Madam. I come not as one o'  
your fooles to make you any though—— *Offer to go away.*

*Str.* Be not so brieft with mee, let mee intreat you  
though.

*Sw.* Forgi'me for swearing doe you mock me tho'?

*Str.* Mistake me not sweet sir——

*Sw.* Sweet with a mischief! How sweet am I? I come

*The Court Beggar.*

not as a suitor to your great Ladyship. I am a Gentleman of two hundred a yeare tho'.

*Str.* Not as a suitor to me sir ?

*Sw.* No you are too great for me. Nor to your Mopsey without, though shee be snout-faire, and has some wit shee's too little for me, I understand degree and quality, respect and difference ; and am scholler enough to know my *unde* and my *quare*.

*Str.* You ga' me his true character. You are a compleat Gentleman sir ( if I mistake not ) the Kinsman of my favorite here, who has given me an ample relation of your worth and vertue.

*Con.* Yes, Patronesse, 'tis he, who though not thoroughly vers'd, or conversant i'th' Court or City garbe, he understands both Men and Manners.

*Sw.* Prattle for your selfe sir.

*Str.* But to the businesse Gentlemen.

*Sw.* I that I would faine know if it be any.

*Str.* You have heard I doubt not of a disastrous blot lately cast upon my fame, out of my owne freeness.

*Cit.* Concerning the Mad-courtier Madam, when 'tis as likely, that his Taylor made him mad as you, for not hitting the fashion right in his last rich suit. But tis most like he fell from a reasonable man, by over-studying himselfe what Lord he should be at the next creation, whether of Gleek, or Cribbidge ; In and in, or Hazard.

*Sw.* Hearke how this shotten headed Cocks-combe prates ! And how he, that can indure beating, dares speak any thing, or abuse all men ! canst not give the Lady leave to speake tho' ?

*Str.* Since there is an aspersion layd upon my freeness in giving entertainment unto persons of great and noble quality, the world deeming it to be done by me meerly  
for

*The Court Begger.*

for ostentation, to cry my own humor up, by drawing them into Love-knots, and then to slight or scorne them: My resolution is from henceforth, to exclude those great resorts, and friendly and freely be merry within our selves. I have foure thousand a yeare to spend; and will be huswife good enough to keepe in compasse. I will not entertaine a servant, friend or guest above your rank or fortunes——

*Sw.* Why—— (forgi' me for swearing) what do you think of us?

*Str.* I thinke you Gentlemen of worth and quality: and therefore welcome, I thinke you able to maintaine your selves middle-siz'd Gent.

*Cis.* I am Middlesex indeed; borne i' th' City.

*Sw.* Give the Lady leave to speake tho'.

*Str.* Ple give accessse to none, that the censorious world shall dare to judge a suitor to me,  
Or to finde favour further then meat and wine.

*Sw.* Yes, faith a little money to; and make's your Fidlere.

*Cis.* Pray give the Lady leave to speak though. (*when*

*Str.* Mauer the greatnesse of my former visitants  
I give you my election for the chiefes  
Of my familier society.

I may perhaps call in, (at least admit)  
People of meaner garbe, without (I hope  
Your grudge or envy. But they shall be men  
Of Science, Art, and Action.

*Sw.* Of action Madam? who do you meane? the Players?

*Str.* Why not? I love their quality and them, and mean to have the use of some of 'em shortly: Besides Musicians (Poets in the first place) and Painters: In which last mention'd art I heare you are excellent, though all this while so silent.

*The Court Begger.*

*Dai.* I boast no skill or practise Madam : but I have drawne some pieces that have been worth my paines in my Rewards.

*Str.* I must commend their ingenuity for whom you tooke those paines. But (where I left) I must make use of wits, of arts, and actions.

*Sw.* Here in your house Madam, I would be glad to see the Actors but I saw 'em at their own too lately : for I lost my purse there, no matter let it go. There was 15. pound in't tho !

*Cit.* Sprecious ! How now ! my Fob has been subd to day of six pieces, and a dozen shillings at least. Nothing but a bowd groat left as I hope for my Grannums blessing.

*Con.* Sure you have been in some ill company.

*Cit.* Pox of ill company I say. My watch is gone out of my Pocket too o'th right side.

*Dai.* You rose o' the wrong side to day it seemes, were you in no crowd or quarrell ?

*Cit.* I never was in any quarrell i' my life. I alwayes run from 'em.

*Con.* I dare sweare thou dost.

*Cit.* I onely stood to day at the Coranto-shop to read the last great news ; and I was hoop'd in I remember by some that seem'd to wonder as much as I.

*Dai.* Then certainly there was a cut-purse amongst 'em.

*Cit.* I'll go to honest *Moll* about it presently.

*Sw.* But first stay and heare my Lady tho'.

*Con.* I Madam you were speaking of the use you would make of Poet, Painter, Musick, Actor and the like.

*Str.* True favorite for a Masque that I intend to have shortly, you shall performe the poetickall part, your  
servant



*The Court Begger.*

*Servant.* *Cit* wit the Muscicall. And by your skill and directions the Painters office for the scenes. Dancers and speakers I have in store.

*Str.* I must be something too tho', must I not Madam?

*Str.* Marry and thanke you too sir.

*Enter Philomel.*

Now your Newes.

*Phil.* Sir *Andrew Mendicant* desires to see you Madam.

*Str.* You should have told him I would not be scene by him.

*Ph.* I told him you were busy. But hee sayes hee is to speake with you upon a weighty businesse from the Court.

*Str.* Tis the *Court-begger*. You know him favorite. Goe not away, I'le bring him in amongst you, And ( as you love me ) put some ridiculous projects to him. *Exit.*

*Dai.* What's that sir *Andrew Mendicant* ? doe you know him well?

*Cour.* Thou askest still a question like a guilty person, with a look resembling fear upon thy face.

*Dai.* My countenance is too blame then ; not my conscience.

*Cit.* I'le tell you what he is.

*Str.* Still answering others questions?

*Cit.* He is a Knight that hanckers about the Court, ambitious to make himselfe a Lord by begging. His braine is all Projects, and his soule nothing but Court-suits. He has begun more knavish suits at Court, then ever the Kings Taylor honestly finish'd, but never thriv'd by any: so that now hee's almost fallen from a Pallace Begger to a spittle one. His businesse to my Lady now can be nothing but to borrow money to buy a paire of wheelers

*The Courte Begger.*

to set some Project a going to Court for a Monopoly.

*Sw.* Thou wert in hast eene now to looke after thy money ; but and thy Life lay on't thou must stay to abuse a man behinde his back, who is a noble Gentleman thou knowst, and I have heard, yet ( speake in thy conscience ) wouldst thou not be beaten now ?

*Con.* Forbeare. they come.

*Enter Strangelove, Mendicant.*

*Str.* Sir, since it is requested by those great ones  
Whose power cannot command me in this case

( For tis my charity and not my duty )

I am content that the mad *Ferdinand*

Shall sojourne in my house for his recovery. (frensy

*Men.* Tis thought you were the ground-work of his  
The Doctors therefore mov'd their honours to it  
For that your frequent presence may be helpfull  
Towards his care.

*Str.* He shall have it then  
Towards the expiation of the crime  
They charge me with. But in case sir *Andrew*  
He should be cur'd by this meanes, I should then  
Crosse you in fortune and your future hopes  
Of his estate ; which you have beg'd you say  
If he recover not.

*Men.* I must leave that to fortune Madam.

*Str.* Will you be pleas'd sir to take notice of  
These Gentlemen my friends. They may be usefull (Salute  
For they have all projective braines I tell you.

*Men.* Pray of what nature are your Projects  
Gentlemen ?

*Con.* Sir my affection leanes much to Poetry, especially  
the *Drammatick*.

*Men.* Writing of strange Playes ?

*Con.* I am glad I speake sir, to your understanding.  
And



*The Court Begger.*

And my project is that no Playes may be admitted to the Stage, but of their making who Professe or indoe your to live by the quality: That no Courtiers, Divines, Students at Law, Lawyers-clearks, Tradesmen or Prentises be allow'd to write 'em, nor the Works of any lay-Poet whatsoever to be receav'd to the Stage, though freely given unto the Actors, nay though any such Poet should give a summe of money with his Play, as with an Apprentice, unlesse the Author doe also become bound that it shall doe true and faithfull service for a whole Terme.

*Men.* Here's a trim businesse towards, and as idle as the Players going to Law with their Poets.

*Con.* I have another fir, to procure a Patent for my selfe to have the onely priviledge to give instructions to all the actors in the City, (especially the younger sort) the better to enable them to speake their parts emphatically and to the life.

*Men.* You were best take heede in time then that you well preserve your own voyce, for feare you doe a spoyle among 'em in teaching 'em to utter in unfavory tunes. Doe I come hither to be mock'd?

*Sw.* Will you heare mine though? I am a Countrey Gentleman, young, healthfull and lusty. I heare complaints of barrennesse in the City; and of men that cannot get their wives with child; Get me but a Patent for't I'll undertake by my selfe and deputies (provided that the woman be sound and handsome) to make them multiply, and upon reasonable conditions; we will deale with the rich for money, and the poore for charity.

*Men.* This is foolisher then tother. Doe you abuse me Gentlemen?

*Sw.* Is that a wise man's question? you cannot tell th'o.

*The Court Begger.*

*Cit.* We have our projects too Sir.

*Men.* I would have yours first, you seeme a civill and substantiall Gentleman.

*Dai.* In more private if you please Sir.

*Men.* I like well his reservednesse.

*Dai.* Sir I am a Picture-drawer Limner, or Painter (if you please) and would gladly purchase authority, by my selfe and deputies, for the painting of all the Kings, and Queens-head signes for Tavernes, Innes, Ale houses, and all Houses and Shops of Trade throughout the Kingdom upon this ground that they draw and hang up their so yall Insignes for signes in so hideous manner that men blesse themselves to see'r.

*Men.* I marry this hangs upon some ground. But are you an exquisite workeman in that art sir?

*Dai.* I am an Artist in that mystery sir, and have drawn some of his Majesties Pictures (by copy onely but) so to the life, that Gentlemen have kneel'd to 'em for suites, and knight-hoods.

*Men.* Indeed sir!

*Dai.* Yes sir, and great Lords I have pictur'd so powerfully, their own followers sodainly rushing into the room have started back and solemnly stood bare to 'em as they hang on the walls.

*Men.* Itt possible!

*Dai.* I drew a sterne Judge, and a civill Lawyer so to the life, that after their corps were in the Grave, a man durst not looke upon their pictures without a bribe, or double fee in's hand.

*Men.* I do admire you!

*Dai.* I ha' drawn Ladies too, with that alluring beauty, that men have loy'd their dead pictures, for their painted lookes, more then their living persons for all their vertues.

*Men.* Thou boy! introth you abuse me most merrily  
Gentlemen. *Goe.* *Sir,*

*The Court Begger.*

*Str.* An excellent fellow : I like him for that fancy more then all the rest.

*Cit.* Pray heare my project too fir?

*Str.* Yes good fir *Andrew* , you shall not part so abruptly.

*Cit.* Mine is a good common wealths businesse, against the common Plague , that raignes i' th' City of Pick-pockets, and Cut-purses. I my selfe ha' bin robb'd to day, and am going to a good member that deales in private for the recoveries of such goods : One that shall undertake if you'l but get a Patent, for a Cutpurse-hall , or Office, to helpe all men to their owne againe , allowing but the Tithes of their Losses, and freeing the offending parties.

*Men.* Fie, fie. Here's tithing indeed.

*Cit.* Provided that notice be brought to the Office within foure and twenty houres after any such losse.

*Men.* Enough, enough.

*Str.* Wee may by the same course secure the Count too, and make the hangman hang himselfe.

*Men.* Let every man be wise enough to looke to his purse, and there will be no Cut-purses, nor need of your patent.

*Sw.* As wise a man as you may lose his purse tho', as I ha' done my selfe in a crow'd.

*Men.* He puts me in mind of a crowd I was in once to day of company I lik'd not——ha——. For heaven 'tis gone : And I dare not discover it for being laught at.

*Cou.* It seemes none of your Projects will passe with you fir *Andrew*.

*Str.* Come fir, they are but (as you said ) merry with you.

*Men.* Be you merry with them good Madam, you know the serious worke I came about. In which

*The Court Begger.*

I sodainly shall presume to give you a re-visite.

*Str.* Pray do sir *Andrew*, bring your Mad-man. My garden Lodgings shall be his bedlem. Come gentlemen tis Dinner-time.

*Con.* We are your waiters Madam. *Exeunt Omnes.*

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ACT III. SCENE I.

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*Enter Philomel, Mendicant, Doctor.*

*Ph.* **T**Hese are the Lodgings, that my Lady appointed  
For your distracted patient.

*Men.* Like you 'em Doctor.

*Doct.* Exceeding well. Excuse me Gentlewoman  
That now intreat your absence.

*Ph.* Willingly. I am not taken with the sight you bring  
For I see mad-folkes enough every day. *Exit.*

*Doct.* Here set him downe. Unbind him, and unblind  
him. *(Ferdinand brought)*

*Fer.* Am I then taken prisoner in the North? *(in a chaire)*  
Wounded, disarm'd and bound? I shall be *(bound and*  
ransom'd *(hooded, &c.)*

To which of your rebelliously usurp'd  
Castles ha' you brought me? you sir *Presbiter*,  
That better can *pugnare* then *orare*,  
And so abjure all duty and allegiance——

*Men.* Hee takes you for a Northerne Pastor  
Mr. Doctor.

*Doct.* No matter what, let him run out his fancy.

*Fer.* You were best to use me well; and like a souldier  
Order will else be tane *(though you know none.)*

*Doct.*

*The Count Baggo.*

*Doct.* You shall have all best usage fir. (armor

*Fer.* And use my horse well too, and let my horse and  
Be decently preserv'd and seene forth-comming  
At my redemption.

*Doct.* With all best care fir.

*Fer.* For I shall soone be sent for, or fetch'd off  
With ruine of your countrey 'bout your eares.

*Doct.* You shall have all content the countrey yeilds  
fir.

*Fer.* I shall have Oat-bread, Ale, and Bag-pipes,  
shall I?

*Doct.* If you'l be merry fir. (I to cribbage

*Fer.* Merry! why not? come let's ha' cards; and you and  
For an od hundred pound, I meane not Scotch,  
But sterling English pieces, where's your money?  
All gone in Ammunition, and charge Military.

*Doct.* I'll finde you money enough.

*Fer.* O here's a third man, let's then to Gleeke.

*Men.* Crown Gleeke fir, if you please.

*Fer.* Crown Gleeke! no more?

You seeme to be a thrifty Covenanter  
To play but at crowne Gleeke, whole piece Gleeke or  
nothing.

*Men.* High as you please fir, wee'l find money enough,  
And pay us but our buyings.

*Fer.* Sir, you must bate mee Aces. You will play *Tib*  
and *Tom*.

*Doct.* All i' the Cards fir.

*Fer.* Away with cards. Bring dice, set all at hazard,  
And though I lose all, I have yet a project  
That at the end o' th' war, and the great sitting  
Shall fetch all in agen. But O my Muse!  
How dare I so neglect thy inspirations?  
Give me Pen, Inke and Paper.

*Doct.* All's ready.

*Fer.*

*The Court Begger.*

*Fer.* Now will I write, nor will I emulate  
*Ovids* smoth vaine, or *Petraks* buskind stile.  
Nor *Laura*, nor *Corinna* did deserve  
To have their prayers written in such Verse  
As i'll bestow on her that I adore.  
Listen to me you blest Intelligences,  
And, *Phebus*, stay thy course to heare me sing  
Her prayes, for whose love th' inamor'd Gods  
Would leave their proper seates, and in stonie shapes,  
Converse with mortalls, your soule-ravishing spheres  
Send forth your sweetest harmony whilst I sing——  
But O shee is disdainfull; and her scorne  
Hath blotted all the glory of her praise,  
Away, away with all.

*Doct.* Now sir, doe you observe the roote of his  
Disease?

*Men.* I guesse at it, know you the remedy?

*Fer.* Disease! what's that? who is diseas'd? who  
wants a Remedy?

Are you sir a Phisician?

*Men.* This Gentleman is, and brings you remedy, be  
you patient.

*Doct.* O you will move him.

*Fer.* You are a brace of Quacks,  
That tie your knowledge unto dayes and houres  
Mark'd out for good or ill i' th' *Almanack*.  
Your best Receipts are candy for a cold;  
And *Carduus Benedictus* for an ague,  
Could you give life as *Æsculapius*  
Did to unjustly slaine *Hippolitus*,  
You could prescribe no remedy for me.  
Goe study *Gallen*, and *Hippocrates*,  
And when your rare simplicities have found  
Simples to cure the Lunacy of Love,  
Compose a potion, and administer

Unto



*The Court Begger*

Unto the Family at *Amsterdam*.

*Doct.* I'll Phisick you to morrow and allay  
The heate of this strong fit, or Leach it out.

*Enter sir Raphael.*

*Ra.* I have venter'd to this house againe, 'assur'd  
That now the humerous Lady is from home  
Forgetting not her Love-trick put upon me  
Which she already boasts to my disgrace  
For which I may requite her Ladyship,  
How dos your patient? a sleepe! That's well.

*Men.* No hee's but silent fit, and it is well  
That he is so, so long.

*Ra.* The Lords in honorable regard unto  
His health directed me to visite him.

*Fer.* Who's that?

*Ra.* Do you not know me sir?

*Fre.* You are (I tak't) the Ghost of *Dionisius*  
The great tirannicall Court-schole-master.

*Ra.* Your Friends at Court commend them to you  
Sir.

*Fer.* What hither, unto hell? Extend their loves  
So far, to finde me out? Pray let 'em know  
That here's a trobled world in want of Statesmen.  
But tell the youthes and beauties these, they never  
Shall finde a happier opportunity  
To raise a new Plantation. They'l drive all  
Before 'em here: For pride is at a stand;  
Fashions are all worne out, and no invention  
For new here to be found: all beauty's lost;  
Nor have the greatest Ladies here the art  
To make so much as their poore Chambermayds:  
Let 'em come downe, as many of the Gallants  
As are made weary of their Wives or Mistresses;  
And, of those Wives and Mistresses, as many  
As can their husbands, or their servants spare:

**And**



*The Court Beggar.*

And what a yeare of Holy-dayes, a Jubile  
Shall we have in hell then? Ha' old Lad!

*Ra.* What a wilde fancie's this!

*Doff.* Crosse it not good sir.

*Ra.* Pray give mee leave to touch it though, a  
little.

*Fer.* But above all, finde out the Lady *Strangelove*  
That humorous Madam, and tell her from me,  
The many Lovers shee has sent before her  
Into these shades (where we can find no torments  
Like those that shee inflicted) have prevail'd  
With the great Queene *Proserpina*, that shee  
Shall be in place next to her royall person.

*Ra.* The Lady *Strangelove*! you are in her house sir,  
Where doe you thinke you are? or who you are?  
Pray call your selfe to mind sir, are not you  
The noble *Cavalier* and hopefull *Courtier*  
The most accomplish'd Knight sir *Ferdinando*?

*Doff.* Forbeare sir, you will move him strongly else.

*Ra.* I have authority for what I do sir,  
Can you forget your selfe sir, or neglect  
The bounteous fortunes, that the Court and Kingdome  
Have in store for you, both for past Atchievements,  
And for the large endowments of court-vertue  
Are found still growing in you, studied and practis'd  
So to the life, as if you were built up  
Vertues own Mansion, on her foure firme pillars? —

*Men.* I hope he cannot flatter him into's wits  
When 'tis the way to foole men out of 'em.

*Ra.* The Wisdome, Justice, Magnanimity,  
And temperance of court you are exactly  
Fram'd and compos'd of, and indued with all  
The excelencies that may adorne a man  
By Nature, Fortune, Art and Industry!  
And all this glorious light to be eclips'd;

And

*The Court Beggar.*

And such Divine perfections seeme to sleepe?

*Fer.* Pray sir your care.

*Ra.* Sir, most attentively.

*Fer.* What do you thinke of Salisbury steeple sir,  
For a fit hunting speare t' incounter with  
The whore of Babilion? might I not firke her thinke  
you?

*Men.* Your Doctrine does not edify sir *Raphael*.

*Fer.* Is Oratour *Demosthenes* growne dumbe  
O'th' sodaine? what! no answer? give me a Knife  
He is but tongue-tied.

*Ra.* Guard me Divinity.

*Doct.* I told you what you would doe.

*Men.* Patience good sir.

*Fer.* Patience in tortures?

*Doct.* Helpe here sodainly!

*Enter Servants.*

*Fer.* Do you sally forth in troupes? Have I no troupe?  
Give me my horse and armes, and come a hundred.

*Doct.* Wee'l arme and horse you, since y'are so unruly,  
Away with him into his Bed-chamber.

*Fer.* O doe you make me then your Knight o' th' shire  
A tun o' Wine for that. Shoulder your Knight, advance  
your Knight, beare him out. ( *Manent Men.*

*Al.* A *Ferdinand*, a *Ferdinand*, &c. ( *for Rap.*

*Men.* This now to me is Musick, Golden-chimes  
That rings all in with an assur'd advantage,  
How now Sir *Raphael*! Frighted?

*Ra.* In all my disputations all my travailes,  
And all conspiracies that have bin had  
Against me, never met I an incounter  
By man, or spirit that I feard so much,  
Yet here's another fury.

*Enter Strangelove.*

*Sir.* By what oppression or tyranny (for Law

*I am your bigger.*  
I'm sure could never do't) is my house here  
Confiscated or usurp'd, and I become your slave ?

*Men.* How Madam ?

*Str.* Your slave, lay your commands on mee, what  
drudgery doe you appoint me to ?

*Ra.* Shee's mad too.

*Men.* Did not your Ladyship give way ?

*Str.* To make my house a hell ?

The noyse of Bedlem is soft Musick to't.  
Could your Projectorship find no house else  
To make a mad-man madder in but mine ?  
And me as mad as he too with the trouble.

*Men.* I was no principle in't good Madam. *Exit.*

*Str.* Was it your plot then sir *Philosophaster*,  
That so you might under pretext of reading  
Philosophy to him, to cure his madnesse  
Make your adresse to me to prosecute  
Your Love-suite when I thought I had answer'd you,  
But if you must proceede, o'recome me if you can,  
Yet let me warne you to take heede withall  
You pull not a disease unto you, that may  
By your ungovern'd hast post into  
Your grave : for I shall prove a torment to you,  
Though you'l take no denyall, take yet a warning.

*Ra.* I take it to forsake your house ; and never  
More to resort where madnesse raignes. Did I  
Make love to you ?

*Str.* Pardon mee vertuous sir, it is my love to you  
that tortures mee into this wild distraction. *O for*  
*Raphael.*

*Ra.* Now vertue guide me. I will shun this place  
More then I would the Spanish Inquisition.

*Str.* I shall in time be rid of all such Guests,  
And have the liberty of mine owne house  
With mine own company, and to mine own ends

*Where*

Where are you *Phil*? I were but dead if I had not this wench to foole withall sometimes.

Enter *Phil*.

*Phil*. Madam!

*Str*. I must be a little serious with you, shut the dore.

*Phi*. Now am I call'd into correction;  
When shee is vext and wants the company  
Shee likes, then come I into question,  
Tis common among Ladies with their women.

*Str*. Why that down looke, as if you meant to fetch  
An answer, or excuse out of your Apron-strings  
Before you are charged or question'd? what new fault  
Has past of late?

*Phi*. Doe you read any Madam  
Upon my face or lookes? I never was in love  
Much with my face, nor ever hated it. But if I thought  
It had upon't, or in it, any trespasse  
Against your Ladyship (my heart being cleare)  
These Nayles should claw it out. *Teare.*

*Str*. Nay be not passionate *Phil*. I know you cannot  
Forget the care I have had of you; nor should you  
Distrust me in the promises I have made you,  
Bearing your selfe according to your covenant *Phil*,  
Of which one Article is to laugh with me.

*Ph*. Go, you are such a Lady, ha, ha, ha.

*Str*. Now thou com'st to me wench, hadst forgot?

*Phi*. You said you would be serious. *(private,*

*Str*. Dost not thou know my seriousness is to laugh in  
And that thou art bound to stir that humour in me?

There's but two things more condition'd in thy service;  
To do what I bid thee, and tell me the truth  
In all things that I aske thee.

*Phi*. I Madam, you had never known that same

*Str.* Of the clap thou hadst i'the Countrey e're I took  
But hast thou faithfully kept thine own e're since? (thou,

*Phi.* Yes most severely Madam on your promise——

*Str.* Well we will have a husband then to solder up  
the old crack,

I have already made my choyce for you;  
Your sweete-heart *Cie-wit* makes most suite to you;  
And has a good Estate, and wit enough  
Too for a husband, and a handsome person.

*Phi.* I finde no fault in all that. But he is  
So base a coward, that he may be soone  
Beaten out of his wit and money.

*Str.* But if he should prove valiant!

*Phi.* If he were valiant now I could say something,  
But to wait for growing to't were such a losse of time.

*Str.* What say to *Swayn-wit*?

*Phi.* Hee's the others extreame. I might feare him but  
never love him.

*Str.* What think you of my speciall favorite *Mr. Court-  
wit*?

*Phi.* As of a Countier Madam, that has tasted  
So much of all waters, that when he has a fountaine of his  
Hee'l be too jealous of it. (owns

And feard that every man will drink of's cup  
When perhaps none dares touch it, were I it.

*Str.* What say to *Dainty* then the curious Limner?

*Phi.* I am bound from lying. Madam hee's the man.

*Str.* Well i'll take thy cause in hand wench: But yet  
we are not merry. I am inclin'd most jovially to mirth  
me thinks. Pray *you* some good be towards. Laugh or  
i'll pinch you, till you doe.

*Phi.* Ha, ha, ha, ha, Madam, ha, ha, ha. O the picture  
drawer! ha, ha, ha.

*Str.* I, come, the Picture drawer.

*Phi.* O, I love drawing and painting, as no Lady but

*The Court Begger.*

ter, who for the most part are of their occupation that  
professe it. And shall I tell all Madam ?

*Str.* By all meanes *Phil.*——now shee's enter'd.

*Phil.* I hope I am handsome enough too. For I have  
heard that Limners or Picture-drawers, doe covet to  
have the fairest and best featur'd wives, ( or if not wives,  
Mistresses ) that they can possibly purchase, to draw  
naked Pictures by, as of *Diana, Venus, Andromeda, Leda,*  
or the like, either vertuous or lascivious; whom they  
make to sit or stand naked in all the severall postures, and  
to lie as many wayes to helpe their art in drawing, who  
knowes how I may set his fancy a worke ? and with mo-  
desty enough. We were all naked once, and must be so  
againe. I could sit for the naked Shepherdesse, with  
one Leg over the tother Knee, picking the Thorne  
out of her Foote most neatly, to make the Satyre peepe  
under.

*Str.* Well thou shalt have him.

*Boy.* Mistris *Philomel.*

*Within.*

*Str.* Let in the Boy. Now sir your newes ?

*Boy.* The mad Knights Doctor Madam intreats to  
speake with you.

*Str.* Now seekes he my assistance in his cure.

*Boy.* And Mr. *Court Wit*, and the other Gentlemen are  
below.

*Str.* Goe you and entertaine the Gentlemen, while  
I consult with the Doctor, let him enter.

*Enter Doctor.*

Now Mr. Doctor I you come to aske my counsell I  
know for your impatient Patient. But let me tell you  
first, the most learned Authors, that I can turne over ; as  
*Discorides, Avicen, Galen, and Hyppocrates* are much  
discrepant in their opinions concerning the remedies for  
his disease.

*Doct.* Madam——



*The Court Bigger.*

*Str.* Therefore I trust you'l pardon my weaknesse, if my opinion jumps not altogether with your judgement.

*Doc.* Madam, my purpose was not ———

*Str.* My purpose is to advise you though, that, if his Frenzie proceed from love as you conjecture, that you administer of the rootes of *Hellebore*, destill'd together with *Salt-peter*, and the flowers of blind *Netles*, I'll give you the proportions, and the quantity is to take.

*Doc.* Mistake not me good Madam ———

*Str.* But if his Malady grow out of ambition, and his over weening hopes of greatnesse (as I conjecture) then he may take a top of Cedar, or an Oake-apple is very soveraigne with the spirit of Hempseed.

*Do.* Madam, I seeke no counsell in this case, my cunning is ———

*Str.* To let me know, that that part of my house which I allow you is too little for you.

*Do.* Shee's surely mad.

*Str.* But you must claime possession of the rest, You are come to warne me out on't; are you not?

*Doc.* Mistake not so good Madam.

*Str.* Or do you call my attendance on his person, by way of a Nurse-keeper? I can do little service.

*Doc.* For my part Madam I am sorry we are made the trouble of your house, and rather wish me out on't then your favour. But if your Ladyship will be pleas'd to entertaine with patience the little I have to say.

*Str.* Come to it quickly then.

*Doc.* First, let me tell you Madam, as 'tis manifest You were the cause of his distraction,

Y'are bound in charity to yeild such meanes

( With safety of your honor and estate )

As you may render for his restoration

VVhich of all the earthly meanes depends on you



*The Court Beggar.*

If I know any thing in my profession.

*Str.* Come to the point, you'd have me visit him.

*Doc.* True Madam : for a sight of you, shall more  
Allure his reason to him, then all medicine  
Can be prescrib'd.

*Str.* By your favour sir, you say  
Saving my honor and estate I am bound,  
But may I with the safety of my Life,  
And limbes, and a whole skin dare venture.

*Doc.* My life o' that.

*Str.* You might more safely lay  
Lives of a hundred Patients.

*Doc.* Now hee's calme,  
Now shall he see you, but at most secure  
And modest distance.

*Str.* Come for once i'll trust you.

*Exit.*

*Enter Swayn-wit, and Cit. Wit.*

*Sw.* Come out into the Garden here ; and let them  
talke within , I say he shall talke with her ; and his belly  
full, and doe with her too, her belly full , for all thou :  
an honest discreet Gentleman, and thou a coward and a  
cockscombe. Besides he has an art and quality to live  
upon, and maintaine her Lady-like, when all thy money  
may be gone. And yet thou prat'st o' thy two thousand  
pound at use , when thou and thy money too are but an  
asse and's load tho'.

*Cit.* Well, you may speake your pleasure. This is no  
cause to fight for.

*Sw.* I'll make thee fight, or promise to fight with me, or  
somebody else before we part , or cut thee into pieces.

*Enter Court-wit.*

*Cou.* But tell me seriously dost thou love my Ladies  
woman so well as to marry her , and suffer the Picture-  
drawer now to court her privately, and perhaps to draw  
and carry her from thee?

*The Court Bigger.*

*Cit.* Why he here will have it so you see, and pulled mee out.

*Sw.* It is to doe a cure upon thee, coward.

*Cit.* Coward ! pish ! a common Name to men in buffe and feather. I scorne to answer to't.

*Sw.* Why dost thou weare a Sword ? only to hurt mens feet that kick thee ?

*Con.* Nay you are too severe.

*Sw.* Pray hold your peace. I'll jowle your heads together, and so beat ton with tother else. Why dost thou were a Sword I say ?

*Cit.* To fight when I see cause.

*Con.* Now he sayes something, yet, and may be curable.

*Sw.* What is a cause to fight for ?

*Cit.* I am not to tell you that sir, It must be found out and given me before I ought to take notice.

*Con.* You may safely say for Religion, King or Countrey.

*Sw.* Darst thou fight for Religion ? say.

*Cit.* Who that has any Religion will fight I say ?

*Sw.* I say thou hast none. Speake, hast thou any ?

*Cit.* Truly, in this wavering world I knew not how to answer.

*Sw.* La you. Hee'l say he has no King neither, rather then fight.

*Con.* Why if he will not fight for him he is no Subject, and no Subject no King.

*Cit.* I thanke you sir, I would ha' said so.

*Sw.* O thou wouldst make a speciall Souldier now !

*Cit.* Well sir, all are not choyce doggs that run, some are taken in to make up the cry.

*Sw.* And for thy Countrey, I dare sweare thou wouldst rather run it then fight for't.

*Cit.* Run my Countrey I cannot, for I was borne i'the City. I am no clown to run my Countrey.

*Sw.*

*The Court Begger.*

**Sw.** Darst thou tell me of clowns thou cockney chick-  
en-hearted whelp thou ?

**Cit.** Forbeare good sir, there are countrey Gentlemen  
as well as clownes, and for the rank I honour you.

**Sw.** Sirrah you lie, strike me for that now ; or I will  
beat thee abominably.

**Con.** Up to him man : wilt thou suffer all ?

**Cit.** I would ——— but ———

**Sw.** You lie I say againe.

**Cit.** I thinke I doe, I thinke I doe, and why should I  
maintaine an evill cause ?

**Sw.** The wench thou lov'st and doatest on is a whore.

**Cit.** Sir, if she be 'tis not my fault, nor hers : somebody  
else made her so then I warrant you. But should another  
man tell me so !

**Sw.** What then ?

**Cit.** I would say as much to him as to you. Nor in-  
deed is any mans report of that a sufficient cause to pro-  
voke mee unlesse shee her selfe confess'd it, and then it  
were no cause at all.

**Sw.** Here's a true City wit now,

**Cit.** I should have wit sir, and am accounted a wit  
within the walls, I am sure my Father was Master of  
his company, and of the wisest company too i'the city.

**Con.** What company's that ?

**Cit.** The Salters sir. For *sal sapit omnia* you know.

**Sw.** Your Father was a cuckold tho', and you the Son  
of a whore.

**Con.** Fight now or you'l die infamous, was your Mc-  
ther a whore ?

**Sw.** Deny't and darst, say, was she not ?

**Cit.** Comparatively shee might be in respect of some  
holy woman, the Lady *Ramsay*, Mistris *Katherine Stubbs*  
and such, ha, ha. Is that a cause ?

**Con.** What ! not to say your Mother was a whore ?

*The Court Begger.*

*Cit.* He may say his pleasure, It hurts her not: shee is dead and gone. Besides, at the best shee was but a woman, and at the worst shee might have her frailties like other women. And is that a cause for mee to fight for the dead, when wee are forbidden to pray for'em?

*Cou.* But were your Mother living now, what would you say or doe?

*Cit.* Why, I would civilly ask her if she were a whore? If she confess'd it, then he were in the right, and I ought not to fight against him: for my cause were naught. If she deny'd it, then he were in an error, and his cause were naught, and I would not fight, 'twere better he should live to repent his error.

*Sw.* Nay, now if I do not kill thee let me be hang'd for idlenesse.

*Draw.*

*Cit.* Hold I am unprepar'd.

*Sw.* I care not——unlesse thou sweare presently, and without all equivocation upon this sword——

*Cit.* Scabberd and all I pray sir, The cover of the book is allowd in courts to sweare upon.

*Sw.* Well sir, now you shall sweare to challenge the next that wrongs you.

*Sheathes it.*

*Cit.* Yes, if the wrong give me sufficient cause.

*Cou.* Cause agen! suppose that fellow within should take your wench from you? which very likely he has done already: for I left 'em close on a couch together Kissing and——

*Cit.* Give me the booke, i'll have her from him, or him from her if he be without her belly, or Kill him if he be within her.

*Sw.* Tis well a cause may be found at last tho'.

*Cou.* I like a man, whom neither Lie, Kick, Bartoun, scandall, Friends, or Parents, the wrongs of Countrey, King or Religion can move, that will, yet, fight for his wench.

*The Court Beggar.*

*Wench.* Thou wilt be one of the stiffe blades o' the time I see.

*Sw.* A wench is a moving cause: *Unseen*

*Str.* Helpe, helpe, here helpe——ha—— *Above.*

*Sw.* Why dost not draw and run in upon 'em?

*Cit.* After you I will fir.

*Sw.* A pox upon thee art thou down agen?

*Cit.* No fir, I am drawn you see.

*Str.* Help, help, a rape, a rape, murder, help! (*Draw all*

*Sw. Cou.* Tis time to fly then.

*Enter Dainty (his sword drawn) and Philomel.*

*Cit.* I come my *Philomel.*

*Cou.* What's the matter *Phil*?

*Dai.* What cry was that?

*Sw.* Was it not you that call'd it fir?

*Phi.* Was it not here?

*Cit.* Was it not you that cry'd?

*Str.* Is there helpe, helpe, helpe? *Above.*

*Phi.* O tis my Lady in the Madmans chamber. Is her mirth come to this?

*Sw.* Where, which way?

*Phi.* Here, here the dore's made fast. (*Exe. omnes*

*Sw.* I'll break it open. (*Pret. Cit. his sword drawn.*

*Doc.* Help here, help the Lady; help the Lady. (*Doctor*

*Cit.* We are a comming, you shall have help (*looks out enough* *above.*

*I warrant, what's the matter? you shall not lack* (*Flourish*  
*for help——* (*his sword.*

*Fer.* Away *Medusa.* Hence, thou hast transformd me. Stone, stone, I am all stone. Bring mortar and make a bul-wark of me. *Above unseen*

*Cit.* O that's the Mad-man! How madly he talks!

*Fer.* Hold me not down.

*Cit.* Stones to make a bul-warke quoth a! If he had  
but

*The Court Beggar.*

but to make a brace of Demy-calvering bullets, they were thumpers I thinke.

*Fer.* Hold me not down, but reare me up, and make me my own statue.

*Enter Strangelove, Swain-wit, Court-wit,  
Dainty. Phil.*

*Str.* Was ever such a practice?

*Con.* A meere accident of madnesse.

*Str.* I say it was a practise in the Doctor;

*Dai.* Yet he calld out for help.

*Str.* You had broke up the dore first. That was but to colour his trechery.

*Sw.* A new way, and a very learned one I promise you; to cure madnesse with a plaister of warme Lady-gutts.

*Cit.* He would ha' had a mad bent with my Lady it seemes. He would ha' vented his magnes into her. And she could ha' drawn better then the Leaches.

*Con.* If you believe this Madam, tho' sir *Ferdinand* be by his madnesse excusable in the attempt, you ought to be reveng'd upon the Doctor.

*Sw.* Let's cut him into pieces Madam.

*Str.* Ple think upon some way to make him a dreadful example to all the *Pandarean* Doctors i' the Towne, Come in Gentlemen, and helpe mee with your advices.

*Cit.* You shall want no advise Madam. No strength, Let's goe sir.

*(He snatcheth Phil. from Dainty, who*

*Ph.* What mean you Mr. *Cit-wit*? *(took her by the arm)*

*Cit.* I have sworne. Therefore I say no more, but I have sworne.

*Exeunt Omnes*

A C T,



*ACT IV. SCENE I.*

*Enter Frederick Gabriel.*

*Fre.* **T**Hou art so honest, that I am ashamed  
The vice of Anger blinded so my Reason,  
As not to see through thy transparent breast  
A true and noble heart; such as becomes  
A Kinsman and a friend to her I love;  
I can see now, and read thy integrity,  
And, by the light of that th'inhumane false-hood  
Of that Court-monster, that compacted piece  
Of Rapine, pride and Lust.

*Gab.* Yet this is he  
That did aspire to be a glorious Courtier.

*Fre.* Courtier? A meere vaine glorious imposture;  
Pretending favour, having nothing lesse.  
Witness his want of Merit. Merit only  
It is that smoothes the brow of Majesty,  
And takes the comfort of those precious beauties  
Which shine from grace Divine: and hee's a Traytor  
(No way to stand a courtier) that to feed  
His Lusts, and Riots, works out of his Subjects  
The meanes, by forging grants of the Kings favour.

*Gab.* What my master has suffer'd by his forgeries  
I know to be the Shipwrack even of all  
Except his Daughter, and what his syne at her  
Was I thinke appeares to you; And what she might  
Have suffer'd by't we both may guesse: onely we hope  
Her vertue would have bin a guard to her beauty.

*Fre.* Tis plaine he never lov'd her vertuously

That



*The Court Begger.*

That is fallen mad for another.

*Gab.* That madnesse is his fate; which renders him into my masters hands to restore all agen. I, note the Justice of it.

*Frs.* But as his fortune by the others ruine Shall be advanc'd, I shall be more rejected.

*Gab.* That foule mistrust much misbecomes a Love Rejected sir? by whom? *Charissa's* constant to you, And time will cleare his frownes: and put you on Now, the same confidence you had before; His wanting fortune rais'd a storme against you, Your noble friend *Sir Raphael* has already By learned reasons and court-oratory Prevayl'd for you to visit her: and now Y'are come within the verge o'th 'house, do you shrink? See, a good *Omen*, they issue forth to meet you.

*Enter Mendicant, sir Raphael, Charissa.*

*Men.* I'le heare no more on't sir, and am much sorry That so much Lip-labour is spent already Upon so vaine a Subject.

Give me leave then To wonder at your light inconstancy, Your want of resolution: yea of judgement.

*Gab.* He is flown off agen.

*Ra.* Did you not give me leave to send for him; Who, now is come to tender his affection Unto your Daughter?

*Men.* Did not you first promise To give assurance of fir jointure for her, Proportionable to her dowry, which You now are started from? *(Ferd: Char. and Gab. aside)*

*Ra.* I understood not. Nor can yet understand more of her dowry Then a thousand pound which her Unkle left her, And answerably to that I will make good her jointure.

*Men.*

*The Court Begger*

*Men.* O you are short fir,  
I meane to make her worth ten thousand more  
Out of my estate in the mad *Ferdinand*.  
Another ten thousand to redeeme my Land,  
Ten thousand more, i'le keep in bank for purchase.

*Ra.* A judgement's fallen upon him : Hee's mad too ;  
Struck lunatique with his o're-weaning hopes  
Sprung from the others misery.

*Men.* And so fir, as you came you may depart :  
For 'lesse you bring a thousand pound *per annum*  
I assure upon her, shee's no wife for you.

*Fra.* O fir, you had better left me in that peace  
I lately slept in, without any hope  
Of seeing her againe, then by your summons  
To startle me back from a quiet death  
To Kill me thus with Tantalizing tortures.

*Men.* Thank then your learned friend, who fail'd me in  
His undertaking for you, and for her  
If walls and locks can hold her, she no more  
Shall tantalize you.

*Ra.* Wherein have I fail'd fir?

*Men.* Sir, in assuring jointure to her Dowry.

*Ra.* Sir to no possible dowry you can give her,  
But you propound the estate you have i' th' Moon;  
When shall you take possession, thinke you, of your  
Lordship of Lunacy in the *Cymbian* Orbs?

*Men.* I shall climbe thither fir without the helps  
Of your Heaven-scaling ladder of Philosophy.

*Ra.* Nay then fir heare me.

*Men.* What in private fir?

*Fra.* Remember, sweet, your *Vow*.

*Cha.* Most constantly. And let mee conjure you by  
this.

*Kisse.*

*Fra.* And this—

*Cha.* That you forget not yours.

*Gab.*

*The Court Beggar.*

*Gab.* Quick, quick ! i'll stand before you.

*Cha.* And time at length will point us out a meeting  
After a short long-seeming separation  
To meet and reunite our vowes and faiths  
With greater strength and fervour.

*Men.* Ha i'll part you.  
Was it for that you whisper'd, politick fir ?  
And couldst thou stand their screene? thou treacherous  
varlet out of my dores.

*Gab.* For what offence ?

*Men.* Darst thou expostulate ?  
Thou death deserving Villaine. *Hurts him.*  
And Huswife get you in : you may depart fir  
Has your love blinded you? i'll lead you then.

*Ra.* Madnesse at heighth.

*Men.* Will you along ?

*Cha.* O fir you are unkinde.  
Love then a wilfull father is lesse blind. *Exit.*

*Ra.* Friend, has he hurt thee ?

*Gab.* I am sure I bleed for't.

*Ra.* Why how now *Frederick* ? despaire not man;  
He has vex'd me ; and out of my vexation  
Shall spring thy comfort. I will labour for thee,  
I'll study nothing more then to beguile  
This watchfull fury ; this *Hisperian* Dragon.  
Say to thy selfe and boldly thee's thine owne,  
And for thy meanes, (*Basta*) let me alone.

*Frs.* You are my noble Patron.

*Gab.* Turn'd away :  
As I was his servingman, I am rewarded ;  
Tis common with us creatures to serv'd so :  
But, as I am no more his servant, I  
Am free to vindicate my selfe out of  
The wrong done to my blood ( which is the same  
With his,) by him rejected and despis'd.

*Enter*

Enter *Cit-Wis.*

*Cit.* Sir *Andrew Mendicant* at home?

*Gab.* Not to be spoken with at this time sir.

*Cit.* Pray let him know that the Lady *Strangelove* Requires him sodainly to remove his Madman Out of her house; or shee must take a course Much to his disadvantage.

*Gab.* In good time sir.

*Cit.* This is a surly fellow, and tho' I have sworn The humor of fighting is scarce warme in me yet, And she advises him to find a better Doctor for him, For this has taken a wrong course.

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SCENE

*The Court Beggar.*

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His wanting fortune rais'd a storme against you,  
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*Ra.* This fellow will betray us.

*Fra.* I will venter

All that I have, my fortune in *Charissa* his fidelity, for his thoughts are mine.

*Ra.* *Cupid* and *Mercury* favour our designs. *Ex. Om.*

SCENE

## ACT IV. SCENE II.

*Enter Court-Wit, and Doctor.*

*Con.* **Y**our judgement (by your favour) Mr. Doctor  
Much faild you in that case.

*Doc.* Your reason yet may plead  
Mine innocence, that drew her but to visit him.

*Con.* But that drew on his fury; and though reason  
May argue much for you, shee can heare none,  
Nor any understand: The swift affrightment  
Upon her strength of passion, struck so deepe  
A sense into her, that it has depriv'd her  
Of all her proper senses. She is even mad sir.

*Doc.* Not past my cure; and by a present meanes  
Pray, win her hither to see a madder object  
Then is her selfe, and see how that will worke.

*Con.* Ile gladly ad my paines unto your skill. *Exit.*

*Doc.* Come forth into the aire. Conduct him gently.

*Enter Frederick with the servants.*

*Fre.* Into the aire! Set me upon Mount *Lathmos*,  
Where I may see, and contemplate the beauty  
Of my ador'd *Diana*; or carry me  
Up to *Hymettus* top, *Cytheron*, *Othris* or *Pindus*  
Where shee affects to walke and take the ayre;  
Or tarry, stay, perhaps shee hunts to day  
I' th' woods of *Merathon*, or *Erymanthus*.

*Doc.* That's a long journey sir.

*Fre.* Y'are a long bearded foole.

*Doc.* I thought I had been a Physician. But sir  
You shall not need t' expose your selfe to travell,  
Your Goddesse will descend into this Garden,  
Passe but time here a while and shee'l come to you.

*Fre.* We will have joviall pastime. Shall we run  
At base, or leape frog, or dance naked  
To entertaine her, or what do you thinke  
Of downe-right drinke and singing?

*The Court Begger.*

*Doc.* That's best of all.

*Fer.* Let's have a mad catch then.

*Enter Court-Swaine. Strangelove.*

*Con.* Here Madam may you see the Madmans Revels.

*Sw.* And after that the Doctors Tragicomedy.

*Fer.* Are not your wind pipes tun'd yet ? Sing

A Catch.

So now a Dance, I am all ayre——Ahaigh——Ahaigh  
I thanke thee *Mercury* that hast lent thy wings  
Unto my feete. Play me my Countrey Dance,  
Stand all you by. These Lasses and these Swaines  
Are for my Company.

He Dances a conceited Countrey Dance, first doing  
his honours, then as leading forth his Lasse. He danceth  
both man and womans actions, as if the Dance consisted  
of two or three couples, at last as offering to Kisse his  
Lasse, hee fancies that they are all vanish'd, and espies  
*Strangelove.*

How now I all vanish'd, ha !

It is no mervaille that the lesser lights  
Become obscur'd when *Cynthia* appears,  
Let me with Adoration fall before  
Thy Deity great Goddesse.

*Str.* Keepe him from me.

*Sw.* You must approach no nearer sir, The Goddesse  
Is not so confident in her Divinity  
As to trust you in reach of her.

*Con.* Keepe back sir.

*Fer.* What *Hydras*, *Gorgons*, and *Chymaras* are you ;  
*Centaur*s and *Harpies* that dare interpose  
Between my hopes, and my felicity !

*Con.* Doctor, away with him.

*Doc.* Carry him to his Chamber,  
and hold him down. His raging fit is on him

*Fer.* Was Night made to surprise men at Noon-day ?

R

Or

*The Court Begger.*

Or shall the charmes of *Heccate* take force  
To dimne *Appollo's* brightnesse? So't must be,  
When Gods themselves give way to *Destine*. *Exiunt*  
with *Ferd.*

*Sw.* They are enough to hold, and binde him too. (*Sw.*  
Come you afore the Lady. (*pulls back*

*Doct.* What's her pleasure? (*the Doctor,*

*Sw.* Tis to do Justice upon thee O Doctor  
Stirre, or cry out, or give the least resistance,  
And I will cut thy head off before judgement.

*Doct.* What outrage doe you intend?

*Con.* Outrage! Can you thinke of an outrage above  
the horror you offerd to this Lady, To violate her cha-  
stity? her honor?

*Doct.* You cannot say so.

*Sw.* Tis said, and you are guilty. Proceed to judge-  
ment Madam.

*Str.* I first would heare your censures.

*Enter Cit-wit.*

*Cit.* And mine among the rest good Madam. I have  
taken care that a new Doctor shall be brought. Therefore  
in the first place my censure is, that this be presently hang'd  
out o' the way.

*Con.* That's too high straind. What thinke you Ma-  
dam, if to rectify his judgement, wee pick'd all the  
errours of his braine; First, opening the *Pericranion*, then  
take out the *cerebrum*; wash it in *Albo vino*, till it be  
throughly clens'd; and then——

*Sw.* Pox o' your *Albo vino*, and his *cerebrum* taking out,  
that were a way to kill him. Wee must not be guilty of  
the death of a Dogleach, but have him purg'd a safer  
way.

*Str.* How? Proceed.

*Sw.* We will fill his belly full of Whey, or Butter-  
milke, put him naked into a Hogs-head, then put into  
cbe



*The Court Begger.*

the same an hundred broken Urinalls, then close up the Vessell and roll your Garden with it.

*Doct.* I trust they cannot meane any such mischief.

*Sir.* Hearke yee Gentlemen. Do you heare? (*A Guel.*

*Cit.* Yes Madam tis a Sowgelder. (*ders horne.*

*Sir.* Fetch in that Minister of Justice.

*Cit.* Who Madam? the Sowgelder?

*Sw.* Wee'l make a Doctor guelder of him tho', and my Lady be so minded.

*Cit.* That will be sport indeed. *Exit.*

*Com.* But will you see the execution Madam?

*Sir.* Why not as well as other women have  
Seene the dissections of Anotamies,

And executed men rip'd up and quarter'd?

This spectacle will be comicall to those.

*Doct.* They dare not doe the thing they would have  
me feare.

*Sw.* Now Doctor you look heavily methinks,  
You shall be lighter by two stone presently.

*Doct.* You will not murder me?

*Sw.* Stirre not; nor make least noyse

As you hope ever to be heard agen.

*Doct.* I would I could pray now to any purpose.

*Enter Cit. wit, Guelder.*

*Cit.* I have brought him. The rarest fellow Madam,

And doe you thanks your fortune in him Doctor,

For he can sing a charme (he sayes) shall make

You feele no paine in your libbing or after it:

No Tooth-drawer, or Carne-cutter did ever worke

With so little feeling to a Patient.

*Sir.* Sing then, he shall not suffer without a Song.

*Song.*

*Sw.* What must he be stript now; or will letting down  
his breeches be enough?



*The Court Begger.*

*Doct.* You dare not use this violence upon me  
More rude then rage of Prentices.

*Cit.* Doctor it is decreed.

*Doct.* You cannot answer it.

*Con.* Better by Law then you can the intent (*Guelder*  
Of Rape upon the Lady. (*whets his*

*Doct.* That was not to have beene my act, (*knife and*  
nor was it done. (*att in*

*Sw.* When this is done wee'l talke w' ye, (*preparat*  
come lay him crosse this Table. Hold each of (*on, Linnen,*  
you a Leg of him, and hold you your peace (*Basen, &c.*  
*Dodipoll.* And for his armes let me alone, do you work  
Guelder.

*Doct.* Hold, I have a secret to deliver to my Lady.

*Sw.* You shall be deliver'd of your secrets presently.

*Doct.* If I tell her not that shall give her pardon  
Then let me suffer. Heare me sweet Madam.

*Str.* Forbeare him, let him down.

*Sw.* Sweet sayst? Thou art not i' le be sworne.

*Str.* Well sir your weighty secret now to save your  
trifles.

*Doc.* In private I beseech you Madam : for I dare but  
whisper't.

*Str.* You shall allow me so much warinesse as to have  
one at least to be my Guard, and witnesse.

*Doc.* This Gentleman then Madam.

*Cit.* We are shut out of councill.

*Sw.* No matter. I list not be no nearer him : no more  
wou'd my cozen had he my nose. But where's Mr. *Dainty*  
and your finicall Mistris *Phil* all this while tho'?

*Cit.* No matter, but I ha' sworn you know. Therefore  
I say no more, but I have sworn.

*Con.* VVhat a strange tale is this ! I can't believe it.

*Str.* I doe, and did before suspect it : and fram'd this  
counterfet plot upon you, Doctor, to worke out the  
discovery

*The Court Begger.*

*discovery* : would I ha' seene you guelt dee think ? That would have renderd mee more brutish then the women Barbers. Looke sir this is no Guelder, but one of my house Musick. ( Goe, your part is done — *Exit.* And for th'affright you gave me, Doctor, I am evenw'ye.

*Swa* The Devil fright him next for a spurging, skitterbrooke. 'Twere good you would call to burne some perfumes Madam.

*Str.* But for the secret you have told me i'll keepe it secret yet, I will keepe you so too; and from your Patient.

*Enter Boy.*

There's a new Doctor come already Madam to the madman.

*Str.* From sir *Andrew Mendicant* ?

*Boy* His servant brought him.

*Doc.* I pray what Doctor is it ?

*Str.* Ingage your selfe with no desire to know,  
But, for the good you finde, sic thanks to owe;  
So come with me, and come you Gentlemen. *Ex. Omnes*

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ACT IV. SCENE III.

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*Enter Frederick in a Doctors habit, Gabriel with two swords under his cloake, Ferdinand upon a Bed bound, and held down by servants.*

*Fer.* **H**Eape yet more Mountaines, Mountaines upon Mountaines, Pindus on *Ossa*, *Atlas* on *Olympus*, I'll carry that which carries Heaven, do you But lay't upon me !

*Fre.* Forbeare you'l stifle him,  
Take off the needlesse weight of your rude bodies;  
Unbind him and stand off, to give him ayre.

*Ser.* Sir though you are a Physician, I am no foole.

*The Court Bigger.*

Take heed what you doe. Hee's more then six of us hold when his hot fit's upon him. He would now tear you to pieces should you let him loose.

*Fer.* The danger then be mine. Let him sit up. Is not he civill now?

*Ser.* I, for how long? do you note that *Hercules* eye there?

*Fre.* I charge you quit the roome.

*Ser.* Tis but to come agen when we are call'd.

*Fre.* Be not within the hearing of a call,  
Or if you chance to heare me, though I cry  
Murder, I charge you come not at me.

*Ser.* Tis but a Doctor out o' the way; and that's no losse while there are so many, the best cannot live by the worst.

*Fre.* Keep the dore fast. You are much mist abroad sir,  
And chiefly by the Ladies, who now want  
The Court-ships, Banquets, and the costly presents  
In which you wanted to abound to 'em.

*Ferd.* Ha——

*Fre.* Nay, nay, sit still sir. They say y'are mad;  
Mad with conceit of being a favorite  
Before your time, that is, before you had merit  
More then a tumour of vaine-glory in you,  
And in especiall care for your recovery  
I am sent to administer unto you: but first  
To let you blood.

*Dagger.*

*Ferd.* Ho! Murder, Murder, Murder.

*Fre.* Are you so sensible already? do not stirre  
Nor cry too loud. Dos the meere apprehension  
Of blood-letting affright your madnesse? Then  
Reason may come agen.

*Ferd.* The Battaille of *Musleborough* Field was a brave one.

*Fre.* O do you fly out agen?

*Ferd.*

*The Court Begger.*

*Ferd. Sings part of the old Song, and acts it madly.*

*Fre. This is pretty : but back from the purpose.*

*He sings agen.*

*Fre. Will you come to the point sir ?*

*Ferdinand sings agen.*

*Fre. We but lose time in this sir : Though it be good testimony of your memory in an old Song. But do you know me ?*

*Ferd. Not know my Sovereigne Lord ? Curs'd be those Knees, and hearts that fall not prostrate at his Feete.*

*Fre. This wild submission no way mittigates My wrongs, or alters resolution in me To Cure or Kill you quickly. Do you know me now sir ? Or have you known Charissa ? do you stare sir ? (Off his There's signe of reason in you then : But bee't (beard & By reason or by chance, that you awake (gown. Out of your franckish slumber, to perceive me, My'cause and my Revenge is still the same, Which I will prosecute according to My certaine wrong, and not your doubtfull reason, Since reasonlesse you layd those wrongs upon me When you were counted wise, great, valiant, and what not That cryes a Courtier up, and gives him power To trample on his betters.*

*Ferd. Who talkes this mortall to ? I am a spirit.*

*Fre. Sure I shall finde you flesh, and penetrable.*

*Ferd. I would but live to subdue the Pisidians, And so to bring the Lydians under tribute——*

*Fre. You would but live t'abuse more credulous fathers With courtly promises, and golden hopes For your own lustfull ends upon their Daughters. Thinke (if you can thinke now) upon Charissa. Charissa who was mine, in faith and honour Till you ignobly ( which is damnably ) By a false promise with intent to whore her*

*The Court Begger.*

Diverted her weake Father from the Match  
To my eternall losse. Now whether you  
Have wit or no wit to deny't, or stand to't,  
Or whether you have one, or ten mens strength,  
Or all, or none at all i'll fight or Kill you  
Yet like a Gentleman, i'll call upon you (*Throw away*  
Give me the Swords. They are of equall length (*his dagger*).  
Take you free choyce.

*Ferd.* Pish.

*Run back.*

*Fre.* I cast that to you then. Hand it, or die a  
Madman.

*Ferd.* O ho, ho, ho. —

*Gab.* All this fir to a Madam.

*Fre.* I have a cause to be more mad then he,  
And in that cause i'll fight.

*Gab.* He knowes not what you tell him.

*Fre.* I tell't the Devill in him then to divulge it  
When I have disposses't him. I have further  
Reason to kill him yet, to crosse your Master,  
VWho has beg'd his Estate. Now fight or die a Mad-  
man.

*Ferd.* Hold *Frederick* hold. Thou hast indeed awak'd  
Me to see thee and my selfe.

*Gab.* Hee's not so mad to fight yet I see that.

*Fre.* I'm glad you are your selfe fir, I shall fight  
Now upon honorable tearmes, and could  
Suppose before your madnesse counterfeit.

*Ferd.* Yet hold. Has *Mendicant* beg'd me?

*Fre.* During your madnesse. VWhat should hinder  
him?

*Ferd.* Put up thy Sword.

*Fre.* Upon no tearmes, and you alive.

*Ferd.* Not to obtaine *Charissa*?

*Fre.* As your Guest fir.

*Ferd.* It shall be by meanes if gold can win

Her

*The Court Begger.*

Her Fathers grant.

*Fre.* That's most unquestionable.

*Ferd.* Not that I dare not fight, doe I urge this,  
But that the other is your safer way.

*Fre.* Your gold's too light. I will accept of nothing  
From you while you dare tell me you dare fight,  
Perhaps you doubt of ods, goe forth. Nay I  
Will lock him out.

*Gab.* You may: For I dare trust you while I go call  
the Lady. *Exit.*

*Fre.* Now are you pleas'd, or dare you now to  
fight fir?

*Ferd.* I neither will nor dare fight in this cause:

*Fre.* This is a daring Courtier!  
How durst you wind your selfe in so much danger?  
And why take madnesse in you, to be bound,  
And grapled with so rudely?

*Ferd.* Keepe my counsell,  
And take *Charissa*.

*Fre.* Tis a faire condition.

*Ferd.* First, for the wrong I did thee, noble youth  
In my designe against *Charissa's* honour,  
It is confess'd, repented; and her selfe  
For satisfaction to be given to thee,  
I'll fall upon thy Sword else, or be posted,  
And Ballated with all disgrace.

*Fre.* VVell yet.

*Ferd.* And for my shew of madnesse; 'twas put on  
For my revenge on this impetuous Lady  
To coole these flames (as much of anger as  
D. fire) with her disdain, and tempting malice  
Had rais'd within mee.

*Fre.* You would have ravish'd her.

*Ferd.* I rather thought, she like a cunning Lady  
Would have consented to a Madman, who  
She might presume could not impeach her hono

By



*The Court Begger.*

By least detection: Monkeyes, Fooles, and Madmen,  
That cannot blab, or must not be believ'd  
Receave strange favours.

*Fre.* And on that presumption  
You fain'd your madnesse.

*Ferd.* True.

*Fre.* But rather then to faile, (her:  
With your bawd Doctors helpe you would ha' forc'd  
And that's the councill you would have me keep  
On your assurance of *Charissa* to me:  
That your proceeding in your madnesse here,  
May yet finde meanes and opportunity  
To exercise your violence.

*Ferd.* Suppose so.

*Fre.* Thou art not worth my Killing now.  
Justice will marke thee for the Hangmans Office:  
Nor, were *Charissa* in thy gift, were shee,  
In that, worth mine or any good acceptance,  
And for your councill, had within there Madam.

*Ferd.* *Frederick*——

*Fre.* The Lady of the house! where are you?  
Will you be pleas'd to heare a secret Madam?  
Strangely discover'd?

*Enter Strangelove, Gabriel, Doctor.*

*Str.* I doe not slight your act in the discovery,  
But your imposture sir, and beastly practise  
Was before whisper'd to me by your Doctor  
To save his *Epididamies*.

*Doct.* O your pardon.

*Fred.* I am disgrac'd, undone.

*Str.* Tis in my power  
To make you the perpetuall shame of Court;  
And will assuredly doe't, if you comply not  
With me to make this injur'd Gentlemans fortune  
In his belov'd *Charissa*.

*Ferd.*

*The Court Beggar.*

*Ferd.* Madam most readily, I have offer'd it.

*Sw.* I have forecast the way and meanes already;

Which we must prosecute with art and speed;

Good ends oft times doe bad intents succcede.

*Ferd.* I'll be directed by you.

*Fra.* Noblest Lady.

*Exeunt Omnes.*

**ACT V. SCENE I.**

*Enter Swayn-wit, Court-wit, Cit-wit.*

*Sw.* Come Sir, must I take you in hand agen?

*Cit.* My Lady will convey her Madman to Sir Andrew Mendicants it seemes.

*Sw.* Tell mee that I know not; and answer my questions.

*Cit.* Shee and the Doctor, and the tother Doctor's gone with him too.

*Sw.* Leave you by him flams, and speake to the purpose.

*Cit.* You know I ha' sworne. Doe you not know I ha' sworne?

*Sw.* To live and die a beaten Ass; a coward hast thou not?

*Con.* Preethee forbear him: Hee's not worth thy anger.

*Sw.* Anger! Is every Schoole-master angry that gives Discipline with correction?

*Cit.* Would he were at *Pensans* agen.

*Sw.* Didst not thou tell my Lady that I was a coward in my own Countrey, and Kick'd out of Cornewall?

*Cit.*

*The Court Bigger.*

*Cit.* Comparatively I thinke I did in respect of *Corin-  
us*, that wrestled and threw *Giant* after *Giant* over the  
cliffs into the Sea.

*Sw.* Pox o' your comparative lies ; And didst not  
thou say that he here was pepper'd so full o' the what-  
shat callums, that his spittle would poyson a Dog or a  
Rat ?

*Cit.* That was comparatively too in respect of a pure  
Virgin ; a chrisome child or so.

*Con.* He never shall move me, I forgive him.

*Cit.* Meerly comparatively I speake it.

*Sw.* Forgi' mee for swearing i'le make thee speake  
positively, or beat thee superlatively before I ha' done  
with thee.

*Enter Boy.*

*Boy.* Gentlemen, my Lady——

*Sw.* Hold a little. Didst thou not say this child here  
was a Pickpocket ? and that he pickt thine of thy money,  
and thy watch, when he was singing betweene thy Leggs  
to day ?

*Boy.* Who I a Pick-pocket ? *Flies at him.*

*Cit.* Forbeare good Lady it was comparatively.

*Boy.* A pick pocket ?

*Con.* Forbeare and hear him *Hercules*.

*Boy.* Lend me a sword i'le kill him, and heare him af-  
terwards.

*Con.* Nay I must hold you then. How was hee  
comparatively your Pick-pocket ?

*Cit.* That is as much as any man I know ; That is I  
accuse nobody ; that is all are as innocent as the child,  
and hee as the innocent unborne. And let that satisfy  
you.

*Boy.* Live. I am satisfied. Now Gentlemen my  
Lady prayes you to follow her to sir *Andrew Mendi-*

*CANT.*

*Con.*

*The Court Beggar.*

*Con.* I know the businesse, 'Tis about our Revels.

*Sw.* Suffer a child to beat thee!

*Con.* His cause was bad you know.

*Sw.* Incurrible coward I Say now; art not thou thy selfe a pick-pocket, and a cut-purse? say.

*Cit.* Comparatively it may be said, I am to a Church-warden, a Collector for the poore or such.

*Sw.* The conclusion is; that if ever I heare thou mentionst my name again in any sense whatsoever, I'll beat thee out of reason.

*Cit.* In my good wishes, and prayers I may: Heaven forbid else.

*Sw.* Not in your prayers sir, shall you mention me, you were better never pray.

*Cit.* Heaven forbid I should then!

*Sw.* And make thine Oath good on that sic fellow that has taine away thy wench, or

*Cit.* He has not take her yet.

*Con.* You ha' not seene her or him these two houres; he's not my Lady call'd too; and shee not to be found?

*Cit.* True, true: and if I be not reveng'd:

*Sw.* Do' it then now, while thou art hot. Shee comes, heretake, and keepe her while thou art hot and hast her.

*Enter Philomel and Dainty.*

*Phi.* Is she at your dispose sir? *(Cous takes)*

*Cit.* Your Lady gave you me. *(Aside with)*

*Phi.* Or am in her gift? *(Dainty)*

*Cit.* You are in my possession, nor shall *Lucifer* dispossesse me of her.

*Phi.* So valiant on a sodaine!

*Cit.* Have I not cause?

*Phi.* You'll have me with all faults?

*Cit.* Yes, and a match forever. *Kisse.*

*Sir.* How means shee by all faults?

*Cit.* A word shee swears uses in waggery.

*Com.* By all means take her from him. What I am afraid of a coward?

*Sw.* You must doe or take the share, hee should have had a down-right beating. Forgi' me for swearing, hee's a verier coward then tother.

*Com.* Hee will serve the betrer to flesh him. And do but note his tiranicall rage that is the vanquisher.

*Sw.* You will on.

*Dai.* Sir shee is mine by promise.

*Cit.* Shee's mine by act and deed sir according to the flesh, let her deny't and shee can't recover money of me.

*Dai.* That shall be try'd by Law.

*Cit.* By Law of armes hold hands it shall take that, and let her goe.

*Dai.* Beare witnesse Gentlemen he struck me.

*Phi.* O pittifull Picture-drawer!

*Cit.* Will you not draw? I will then.

*Dai.* What would you have sir? If shee be your owne take her.

*Cit.* That's not enough, I will make thee fight, what blindnesse have I w'd in? I would not but be valiant to be a coward.

*Com.* O brave Cit, O brave Cit.

*Sw.* Why dost thou draw thou fellow then?

*Dai.* Shee's his he swears, and she denies it not, shall fight against him for his owne?

*Cit.* Ile make thee fight, or ruy thee into pieces.

*Com.* He turns your words over to him.

*Cit.* Why dost thou weare a sword? onely to hurt mens feet that Kick thee?

*Com.* Doe you observe? Nay thou art too severe.

*Cit.* Pray hold your peace, Ile jowle your heads together and so beat you with tother else.

*The Court Beggar.*

*Sw.* Forgi' me for swearing. Here's allation!

*Cit.* VVhy dost thou weare a Sword I say?

*Dai.* Some other time sir, and in fitter place.

*Cit.* Sirrah you lie, strike me for that, or I will beat thee dominably.

*Dai.* You see this Gentlemen.

*Phi.* And I see't too, was ever poor wench so contend in a man?

*Cit.* The wench thou lov'st and dost fl on is a whore!

*Phi.* How's that?

*Cit.* No, no, That was not right, your father was a cuckold tho', and you the sonne of a whore.

*Sw.* Good, I shall love this fellow.

*Dai.* I can take all this upon account.

*Cit.* You count all this is true then. Incorrigible coward I what was the last vile name you call'd mee Mr. Swain-wit? O I remember, sirrah thou art a Pick-pocket and a Cut-purse; And gi' me my money agen, and him his or I will cut thy throat.

*Dai.* I am discover'd.

*Cit.* Doe you answer nothing, doe you demurre upon't?

*Dai.* Hold fir I pray; Gentlemen so you will grant me pardon, and forbear the Law I'll answer you.

*Con. Sw.* Agreed, agreed.

*Dai.* It is confess'd; I am a Cut-purse.

*Cit.* Comparatively or positively doe you speake? Speake positively, or I will beat thee superlatively.

*Sw.* Forgi' me for swearing a brave Boy!

*Dai.* Here is your VVatch, and Money; And here's yours. Now as you are Gentlemen use no extremity.

*Con.* Beyond all expectation!

*Sw.* All thought.

*Cit.* Miraculous! O the effects of valour!

*Phi.* Was ever woman so mistaken o' both sides?

*Sw.*



*The Court Beggar.*

*Sw.* But dost thou thinke thou art valiant for all this  
tho'?

*Cit.* You were best try; or you, or both, or come all  
three.

*Sw.* I swear thou shalt have it to keepe up while thou  
art up.

*Cit.* Is this your picture-drawing? are you the Kings  
Picture-drawer? A neat denomination for a Cut-purse,  
that drawes the Kings Pictures out of men Pockets;

*Com.* Come sir, come in with us.

*Dai.* Pray use me Kindly Gentlemen.

*Cit.* Yes, wee will use you in your kind sir.

*Takes Phil by the hand. Exeunt Omnes.*

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*ACT V. SCENE II.*

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*Enter Mendicant, a Letter in his hand.*

*Men.* **T**HIS is the day of my felicity,  
And is the same with that the Poet Sings  
Is better then an Age. Come forth *Charissa*,

*Enter Charissa.*

Now you appeare my comfort; and I can  
No lesse then thanke thy sweet obedience  
That hast comply'd with my directions,  
Bride-like and glorious to meet a fortune,  
So great as shall beget the present envy  
Of all the Virgin Ladies of the Court,  
And a posterity, that through all ages,  
Shall praise and magnify thy act.

*Cha.* Your acception of my duty sir  
Is all that I can glory in.

*Men.* How are we bound unto this noble Lady

That

*The Court Begger.*

That sent us our instructions.

*Cha.* Sure I am. If this be a true Coppy.

*Men.* Let *Musick* in her soft but sweetest notes  
Usher their welcome, whilst unto my thoughts *Musick*  
The lowdest harmony resounds my triumph.

*Enter Doctor, and Ferd. in Doctors habit, Strange. Priest,*

*Ferd. in the chair as before borne by servants,*

*Fab. as one of the servants.*

Madam most welcome.

*Str.* In fewest and the softest words sir *Andrew.*

(He sleeps) and let him gently be convey'd

Onely with those about him to his Chamber.

*Men.* *Charissa* go: be you his conduct, softly, softly,  
I see y've brought a Priest Madam. *Ext. Om. Pret.*

*Str.* By all best reason,

*Mend. & Strang.*

For when we found he us'd *Charissa's* Name,

When he was calme and gentle, calling still

*Charissa*! where's *Charissa*? a good space

Before he slept, and being then demanded

What would he with *Charissa*? He most readily

Reply'd, Ferch me *Charissa* and a Priest.

The Doctors in their judgements (unto which

My full opinion assented) might

Foresee, that in removing him, where she

Might be his immediat object, when he wakes,

That fresher flames to instant marriage

Would then arise.

*Men.* Incomparably judicious Madam.

*Str.* Yet not without your leave would I attempt it;

Without your leave, knowing your watchfull care

Over your Daughter.

*Man.* And that care of mine

Was (Madam) by your favour

Principall motive to this great effect,

*The Court Begger.*

*Str.* Take all unto your selfe, I am content.

*Men.* I'd faine steale in and watch th' event of things.

*Str.* But have you heard sir *Andrew* the mischance Of the unfortunate Lover, distracted *Frederick*?

*Men.* How ! what of him?

*Str.* H'has made himselfe away.

*Men.* Ist possible?

*Str.* (Hee has by this time, or the Priest is tongue-ty'd.)

*Men.* He has left no estate worth begging, that's the worst of't.

My joyes come flowing no me —— yet I would see.

*Str.* And heare me good Sir *Andrew*, for the Love I bring to ad unto your joyes : for I Foreseeing the event of this nights happinesse Have warn'd some friends to follow me with Revells To celebrate the Marriage of your fortunes. See they are come. Pray entertaine 'em sir,

*Enter Court. Swayn, Cit-wit, Dainty, Phil. Boy.*

*Men.* The Gallants that were to day so merry with mee.

*Str.* The same : but very harmeleffe.

*Cit.* All but one sir. Did you not lose your purse to day?

*Str.* What's the meaning?

*Con. Sw.* Wee'l tell you Madam.

*Men.* My purse? (I mist it at my Lady *Strangeloves*.)

*Cit.* This Picture-drawer drew it, and has drawne more of the Kings-pictures then all the Limners in the Towne. Restore it sirrah.

*Men.* I will not take it, 'twas my nelect that lost it, not he that stole it. This is my day of fortune ; it comes home to me ; more then I dare receive. O my joyes, let me be able to containe you.

*Cit.*

*The Court Begger.*

*Cit.* Ha' you another purse to lose ?

*Men.* I have a purse ; which if I lose, i'le blame my selfe, none else.

*Cit.* Let him but come so neare you as to aske forgiveness for the last, and if he doe not take the next, though it be six fadome deepe i' your pocket i'le hang for him when his time comes.

*Men.* I'le watch his fingers for that. *Sir.*

*Com.* Observe good Madam.

*Dai.* Sir at your feet I beg your pardon.

*Men.* It needs not, prithee rise.

*Dai.* Never, till you pronounce that happy word I pardon thee : or let me have some token Of sweet assurance that I am forgiven Which I beseech you——I beseech you grant.

*Men.* In sooth thou hast it. Heaven pardon thee as I doe.

*Dai.* I have it sir indeed, and as your gift i'le keepe it, promising before all these witnesses, i'le never venter for another.

*Men.* Fore me an expert fellow ; Pitty he should be hang'd before we have more of his breed.

*Cit.* Did not I tell you sir ? And these are but his short armes ; i'le undertake, when he makes a long arme, he shall take a purse twelve skore off.

*Men.* I doe not like Thieves handsell though, This may presage some greater losse at hand.

*Sw.* Now Gentlemen you know your taske, be expeditious in't.

*Com.* I have cast the designe for't already Madam. My inventions are all flame and spirit. But you can expect no great matter to be done *extempore* or in six minutes.

*Sw.* What matter ist so wee skip up and downe ? our friend *Jack Dainty* here, Mr. Cut-purse dances daintily tho'.

*Str.* And Mr. *Cit-Wit*, you have worthily wonne my woman fir.

*Cit.* I have her Madam, she is mine.

*Str.* I'll make her worth a thousand pound to you, besides all she has of her own.

*Cit.* Her faults and all Madam, we are agreed o' that.

*Phi.* Suppose this Boy be mine.

*Cit.* I would he were else, that I might have him under lawfull correction, and the cause o' my side: for he beat me not long since.

*Boy.* And you be my father, and do not make much of me and give me fine things, i'll beat you agen so I will; and my mother shall helpe me.

*Cit.* Agree'd *Billy*, agreed *Philly*. Never was man so sodainly, so rich; Nay never looke Gentlemen, shee is mine, and hee's mine own, I am sure I ha' got him now; And all faults are salv'd.

*Sw.* Her word in waggery is made good in earnest now tho'.

*Str.* To your busines Gentlemen; if you have a (*They* short speech or two, the boy's a pretty Actor; and (*con-* his mother can play her part; women-Actors now (*sult,* grow in request, Sir *Andrew* I melancholly?

*Men.* I was thinking on the omen of my purse. (*Court*

*Str.* Fear no further mishap fir; tis ominous (*draws his* to feare. (*Tables and retires to*

*Men.* Pray let's go in and see how (*Phil.* writes & some- things proceed. (*times shewes her.*

*Sir.* Pray give mee leave to make the first discovery; Walke downe into the Garden, i'll come to you; And here are some would speak with you. *Ex. severally.*

*Enter two Projectors.*

1. Into the Garden, good, let's follow him.

2. Tis not the repulse he gave us in the morning shall quit him of us.

*The Court Begger.*

*i.* No now his Superintendent's turn'd away, wee'l once more fill his head with millions. *Exit.*

*Dai.* I'll make the Dance, and give you all (*Practise the footing.*) (*footing.*)

*Sw.* Stand further off o' my Pocket tho'.

*Cit.* No matter if we lose any thing, and he within ten miles of us i'll make him answer't.

*Dai.* I want a fift man, I would have an od.

*Enter Doctor.*

*Doc.* The Marriage is perform'd. The Priest has done his office——

*Sw.* Doctor can you dance?

*Doc.* And sing too, I ha' forgot much else.

*Phi.* I'll speak the Speech : Ha' not I forgot my Actors tone tro? I shal remember't, I could have acted'em all ore.

*Boy:* I can speak a Speech too Mother, must I call you Mother now?

*Phi.* I my Boy, now I dare vouch thee.

*Doc.* What think you of this tune sir for your dance? Tay dee. dee, &c.

*Dai.* I'll borrow a Violl and take it of you instantly. *Ex.*

*Enter sir Raphael.*

Pray sir, is sir *Andrew Mendicant* i' the house. (*To Court-w.*

*Con.* Umh—— { *He writes in his tables sometimes scratching his head, as pumping his Muse.*

Is he within sir, can you tell? He's too busie it scemes.

Can you tell me sir I pray, if sir *To Cit-wit as he mov'd*

*Andrew* be within? { *toward him, Cit-wit*

Very strange! among what Nati- { *Dances looking on his*  
on am I arriv'd? { *Feste, &c.*

Here's one in civill habit sure will answer me,

Sir may I be inform'd by you? saw you sir *Andrew*?

*Ra.* Te precor domine Doctor. {

They are no Christians sure. {

*He sings on.*

{ *The Doctor stretches his Throat in the Tune.*



*The Court Begger?*

Sir may I be inform'd by you? (*To Swayn. He Whistles & Blesses me; the people are bewitch'd. (Dances Sellers,*

*Enter Dainty. (round, or the like.*

Do you belong to the house fir? *To Dainty, he fids to him & the 4 dancing & sing. I hope for curtesie here Lady wil ing practise about him.*  
you be pleas'd——*To Phil. she speaks in a vile tone like a Player.*

*Phi.* O by no meanes, we must speake Charon faire,  
Or hee'l not waite us o're the Stigian Floud,  
Then must we have a sop for Cerberus  
To stop his yawning Chaps; Let me alone  
To be your Convoy to *Elizium.*

*Ra.* This is most heathenish of all. (*Dainty playes softly*  
*Phi.* I'll pass that snarling triple-headed Cur (*& Doctor*  
Which keeps the pallas-gate of *Pluto's Court,* (*With him*  
And guide you safe through pitchy *Acheron.* (*aside.*

*Ra.* What Woman Monster's this? Sweete young  
Gentleman, let me aske you a question.

*Boy.* Grim death, why rather didst thou not approach  
My younger dayes; before I knew thy feares?  
Thy paines are multiplied by our yeares.

*Ra.* All Lunatick? or Gentlemen, do you want leasure  
Or civility to answer me?

*Cit.* Ha! you done the speeches Mr. Court wit?

*Con.* I have already from the forked top  
Of high *Parnassus* fetcht 'em.

*Cit.* And shall my wife and *Billi* boy speake 'em?

*Con.* As I'll instruct you,

*Cit.* You write admirably I confesse; But you have an  
ill tone to instruct in; I'll read to 'em my selfe, you give  
your words no grace.

*Det.* You have the tune right, will you instruct the  
Musick-men?

*Dai.* And you all in the Dance immediately.

*The Court Begger.*

*Sw.* But shall we have no silken things, no whim whams  
To Dance in tho'.

*Cit.* Perhaps the Bride can furnish us.

*Sw.* With some of her old Petticotes, can she ?

*Phi.* No, no my Lady has tane care for all.

*Dai.* Come, come away to practise, and be ready. *Exe.*

*Ra.* Never was I in such a Wildernesse. (*Om. Fiddling,*  
But my revenge upon Sir *Mendicant* (*Footing,*  
Shall answer all my patience, in the Jeere (*Singing,*  
I means to put upon him. (*Acting, &c.*

I will possesse him with a braine-trick, now,  
A meere invention of mine own (wherein  
Heaven pardon me for lying) shall so nettle him.

*Enter Mendicant, and Projecters.*

*Men.* Goe back and be not seene till I come to  
you. *Ex. Pro.*

*Ra.* Hee's come. Ha' you heard the newes sir *Andrew*?

*Men.* What sir *Raphael*?

*Ra.* That *Ferdinand's* restor'd to's wits.

*Men.* I am glad on't.

*Ra.* Do you take the losse of his estate so mildly  
Which might ha' bin your own?

*Men.* I hope you thinke mee a Christian sir, but how  
should he arrive at such a sodaine knowledge of it, if it  
be so ? I will pretend tis true, yes sir, he is in's wits.

*Ra.* I thought I had ly'd when I did prophesie :  
But sir my Nephew *Fredrick*——

*Men.* Has made himselfe away, I heard o' that too.

*Ra.* (I hope not so ) yet there's another accident  
Of which you have not heard, may touch you nearer,  
And that indeed's my businesse, you sir, furiously  
Wounded your Man to day.

*Men.* Not dangerously I hope.

*Ra.* Flatter not so your selfe ; Hee's on the point of  
dying.

*The Court Begger.*

*Men.* How!

*Ra.* Nor be too much dejected,  
His life you may get off for (as 'twas done  
In heat of blood) marry fir your estate  
(You'll pardon me) is beg'd; my selfe has don't,  
And therein, beg'd the Begger.

*Men.* Ha!

*Ra.* Take not too deepe a sense of it: For if you'll yeild  
That *Frederick* yet shall have it with your Daughter,  
I will remit the Estate.

*Men.* O is it so?

Do you move this for a dead man?

*Ra.* No, he lives.

*Men.* Do you practise on me? Madam where are  
*Enter Strange. Ferd. Fred. Charissa. Gabriel behind.*

*Str.* Here fir, and am become your Usher to such guests  
you?

As you must bid most welcome.

(*Mend.*

*Ra.* She here! i'm then agen confounded. (*stands*

*Str.* Nay fir *Raphael*, I potest we will be friends (*amaz'd*  
notwithstanding I have outstript you in your plot of  
matching your Nephew *Frederick*, here to his love  
*Charissa*.

*Ra.* But is it so?—

*Fred.* It is, in which I hope fir you are not offended,  
Who gave me leave by any opportunity  
To take her, I broke no locks nor walls for her.

*Cha.* I beg your pardon, and your blessing fir.

*Ra.* And is it so with you fir *Ferdinand*?

*Ferd.* It is, and fir in testimony of my recovery, I make  
demand of my estate: of which you thought your selfe  
possest.

*Men.* What hopes am I fallen from? and what misery  
fallen into; when the little I have is beg'd for Man-  
laughter!

*Gab.*

*Gab.* I quit you of that fir.

*Men.* How couldst thou deale so with me?

*Gab.* To shew my gratitude.

You overpaid me for all my former services,  
For which I justly thought I ought you this.

*Ferd.* Nor thinke your Daughter undervalued fir,  
Three thousand pound I give him to augment  
Her fortune in him.

*Men.* Dreames, dreames, All these are waking  
Dreames.

*Ferd.* All real truth fir, whither flie you from us?

*Men.* Am I of all defeated; and by all  
Abus'd and mock'd? More roome there: let mee  
goe.

*Ferd.* You mistake strangely.

*Florisb.*

*Str.* Harke! the Revellers.

*Fer.* That come to celebrate your joyes, which wilfully  
You will not apprehend.

*Men.* Tis all but shew, Let go, and I will do  
Something shall ad to your delight imediarily. *Exit.*

*Str.* Let him goe and weare out his fit by him-  
selfe.

*Florisb.*

*Enter Boy, and Philomel, as Cupid and Venus.*

*Boy.* *Venus* and *Cupid*, my Mother and I——

Helpe me.——I have it now,

*Venus* and *Cupid*; my Mother and I

Helpe me agen; Noe, no, no.

*Venus* and *Cupid*; my Mother and I,

Let me alone.

*Venus* and *Cupid* my Mother and I.

*Fred.* There's an Actor now!

*Fre.* How doubtfull of himselfe; and yet how perfect  
he was!

*Re.* A selfe mistrust is a sure step to Knowledge.

*Str.*

*Str.* And Mr. *Cit-wit*, you have worthily wonne my woman fir.

*Cit.* I have her Madam, she is mine.

*Str.* I'll make her worth a thousand pound to you, besides all she has of her own.

*Cit.* Her faults and all Madam, we are agreed o' that.

*Phi.* Suppose this Boy be mine.

*Cit.* I would he were else, that I might have him under lawfull correction, and the cause o' my side : for he beat me not long since.

*Boy.* And you be my father, and do not make much of me and give me fine things, i'll beat you agen so I will ; and my mother shall helpe me.

*Cit.* Agree'd *Billy* , agreed *Philly*. Never was man so sodainly, so rich ; Nay never looke Gentlemen , shee is mine, and hee's mine own, I am sure I ha' got him now ; And all faults are salv'd.

*Sw.* Her word in waggery is made good in earnest now tho'.

*Str.* To your busines Gentlemen ; if you have a ( *They* short speech or two, the boy's a pretty Actor ; and ( *con-* his mother can play her part ; women-Actors now ( *sult.* grow in request, Sir *Andrew* ! melancholly ?

*Men.* I was thinking on the omen of my purse. ( *Court*

*Str.* Fear no further mishap fir ; tis ominous ( *draws his* to feare. ( *Tables and retires to*

*Men.* Pray let's go in and see how ( *Phil. writes & some-* things proceed. ( *times shewes her.*

*Str.* Pray give mee leave to make the first discovery ; Walke downe into the Garden, i'll come to you ; And here are some would speak with you. *Ex. severally.*

*Enter two Projectors.*

1. Into the Garden, good, let's follow him.

2. Tis not the repulse he gave us in the morning shall quit him of us.

*The Court Begger.*

**I.** No now his superintendent's turn'd away, wee'l once more fill his head with millions. *Exit.*

**Dai.** I'll make the Dance, and give you all the footing. (*Practise footing.*)

**Sw.** Stand further off o' my Pocket tho'.

**Cit.** No matter if we lose any thing, and he within ten miles of us i'll make him answer't.

**Dai.** I want a fift man, I would have an od.

*Enter Doctor.*

**Doc.** The Marriage is perform'd. The Priest has done his office——

**Sw.** Doctor can you dance?

**Doc.** And sing too, I ha' forgot much else.

**Phi.** I'll speak the Speech: Ha' not I forgot my Actors tone tro? I shal remember't, I could have acted'em all ore.

**Boy:** I can speak a Speech too Mother, must I call you Mother now?

**Phi.** I my Boy, now I dare vouch thee.

**Doc.** What think you of this tune sir for your dance? Tay dee. dee, &c.

**Dai.** I'll borow a Violl and take it of you instantly. *Ex.*

*Enter sir Raphael.*

Pray sir, is sir *Andrew Mendicant* i' the house. (*To Court-w.*)

**Con.** Umh—— { *He writes in his tables sometimes scratch-  
ing his head, as pumping his Muse.*

Is he within sir, can you tell? He's too busie it seemes.

Can you tell me sir I pray, if sir *Andrew* be within? { *To Cit-wit as he mov'd  
toward him, Cit-wit*

Very strange! among what Nati- { *Dances looking on his  
on am I arriv'd? Feete, &c.*

Here's one in civill habit sure will answer me,

Sir may I be inform'd by you? saw you sir *Andrew*?

*Ra. Te precor domine Doctor.* { *The Doctor*  
They are no Christians sure. { *He sings on.* } *stretches his  
Throat in the  
Tune.*



*The Court Begger!*

Sir may I be inform'd by you? (*To Swayn. He Whistles & Blesses me; the people are bewitch'd. (Dances Sellers;*

*Enter Dainty. (round, or the like.*

Do you belong to the house fir? *To Dainty, he fids to him & the 4 dancing & sing. I hope for curtesie here Lady will sing practise about him.*  
 you be pleas'd——*To Phil. she speaks in a vile tone like a Player.*

*Phi.* O by no meanes, we must speake *Charon faire,*  
 Or hee'l not waite us o're the *Stigian Floud,*  
 Then must we have a sop for *Cerberus*  
 To stop his yawning Chaps; Let me alone  
 To be your Convoy to *Elizium.*

*Ra.* This is most heathenish of all. (*Dainty playes softly*

*Phi.* I'll pass that snarling triple-headed Cur (*& Doctor*  
 Which keeps the pallas-gate of *Pluto's Court,* (*With him*  
 And guide you safe through pitchy *Acheron.* (*aside.*

*Ra.* What Woman Monster's this? Sweete young  
 Gentleman, let me aske you a question.

*Boy.* Grim death, why rather didst thou not approach  
 My younger dayes; before I knew thy feares?  
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 Of high *Parnassus* fetcht 'em.

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But my revenge upon Sir *Mendicant* (*Footing,*  
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A meere invention of mine own (wherein  
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Which might ha' bin your own ?

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should he arrive at such a sodaine knowledge of it, if it  
be so ? I will pretend tis true, yes sir, he is in's wits.

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But sir my Nephew *Fredrick*——

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Of which you have not heard, may touch you nearer,  
And that indeed's my businesse, you sir, furiously  
Wounded your Man to day.

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dying.

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*Sir.* Nay fir *Raphael*, I protest we will be friends (amaz'd  
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Three thousand pound I give him to augment  
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Abus'd and mock'd? More roome there: let mee  
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Something shall ad to your delight imediately. *Exii.*

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*Enter Boy, and Philomel, as Cupid and Venus.*

*Boy.* *Venus* and *Cupid*, my Mother and I——

Helpe me.——I have it now.

*Venus* and *Cupid*; my Mother and I

Helpe me agen; Noe, no, no.

*Venus* and *Cupid*; my Mother and I,

Let me alone.

*Venus* and *Cupid* my Mother and I.

*Fred.* There's an Actor now!

*Fre.* How doubtfull of himselfe; and yet how perfect  
he was!

*Ra.* A selfe mistrust is a sure step to Knowledge.

*Str.*

*The Court Begger.*

*Str.* Sententious Sir *Raphel*.

*Ra.* Quarrells are ended Madam.

*Ferd.* Come hither *Cupid*.

*Phi.* From my *Italian* Mount I did espy  
(For what is hidden from a Deity ?)  
How faintly *Hymen* did his Office here  
Joyning two Lovers with the hand of feare ;  
Putting his Torch out for obscurity ;  
And made the Chamber (which belongs to me)  
His Temple. But from hence let feare remove.  
See here, the Champions for the Queens of Love.

1. *Courage*, sent from *Mars* ; The *Muses* kill. 1 *Swain*.

2 *Court*.

From wise *Apollo*. And the God, which still  
Inspires with subtilty, sly *Mercury*

Sends this his <sup>3</sup> *Agent*. Here's <sup>4</sup> *Activity* 3 *Dainty*.  
4 *Cit. Wit*.

<sup>5</sup>  
From *Jupiter* himselfe ; And from her store 5 *Dollor*.  
Of Spies, the Moon sends *This* to keepe the dore.

With Art of *Action*, now, make good the place,  
In right of Love to give the Nuptialls Grace.

*After they have Danc'd a while, Enter Projectors,*  
*breakes 'em off.*

*Pro.* Lay by your Jolity, forbear your Sport,  
And heare a story shall inforce your pittie.

*Fer.* What black Tragedian's this ?

*Ra.* Some *Nuntius* sent from Hell.

*Ga.* One of my Masters *Minions*, a *Projector*.

*Pro.* You had a Master : But to all I speake.  
Your *crafts* have sunk him from the Comforts  
Of all his hopes in fortune, to the Gulfe  
Of deepe despaire ; from whence he rose inflam'd

With

*The Court Begger.*

With wild distraction and phantastick fury.

*Fer.* Hee's mad ; is he ?

*Pro.* Mad, and has hang'd himselfe——

*Cha.* Alas my Father.

*La.* How I hang'd himselfe ?

*Pro.* All over sir, with draughts of Projects, Suits, Petitions, Grants, and Pattents, such as were The Studies and the Labours of his Life, And so attir'd he thinks himselfe well arm'd T'incounter all your scornes.

*Enter Mendicant attir'd all in Patents ; A Wind ; mill on his head, and the other Projector.*

*Men.* Roome here : a Hall for a Monopolist, You, Common-wealths informers lead me on,] Bring me before the great Assembly. See, Fathers Conscript, I present all I have For you to cancell.

*Sw.* Here's a brave shew, [and out-shines our devise.

*Men.* This is a Patent for the taking of poor *John* and *Barrell*-cod alive, and so to preserve 'em in salt-water for the benefit of the Fishmongers.

*Con.* There's salt in this.

*Sw.* I this has some savour in't.

*Men.* This is a fresh one sir, For the catching, preservation, and transportation of Butter-flies : whereby they may become a native commodity.

*Con.* That's a subtle one.

*Men.* This is for profits out of all the Common-Cries i' th' City, As of——Oysters——Codlings——wood to cleave, Kitching stufte, and the thousand more, even to the Matches for your Tinder-box, and all Forrainers pay double ; And a Fee out of the Link-boyes profits. It no cries to escape. Tis for a peace,

*Dai.*



*The Court Begger.*

*Dai.* What if some should cry Murder, murder?

*Cit.* Or Thieves, thieves?

*Con.* Or Fire, fire?

*Sw.* Or women cry out five Loves a penny?

*Men.* All all should pay. But I submit  
My selfe to your most honorable censure.

*Cit.* What dos he take us for?

*Sw.* Powers, Powers; A lower house at least.

*Men.* And all my patents to be conceal'd.

*Sw.* Our Projects would not take with you, wee'l take  
yours tho'.

*Dai.* He shall dance out of 'em: Musick! Play out  
our Dance, we will disrobe you presently.

*Cit.* Yes, and dismangle his Projectors too.

*They all Dance.* In the Dance they pull off his Patents;  
And the Projectors Clokes, who appeare all  
ragged. At the end of the Dance the  
Projectors thrust forth.

*Fer.* An excellent Morrall! The Projects are all can-  
cel'd, and the Projectors turn'd out o' dores.

*Men.* True Gallants, and now I am my selfe agen,  
I saw th'event of all with good esteeme.

And would as well as you a Madman seeme,  
And now my blessings on your Son and Daughter.

*Sw.* This Bride, Dame Venus here, cooles all this  
while tho'.

*Dai.* By Mr: Bride-groomes leave, i'll stirre her blood  
a little for the good meaning shee had towards me.

*Cit.* You may doe so. He dare's not pick her poeket,  
And for her Maidenhead I dare trust him tho' he should  
Dance quite out of sight with her.

*Dance.*

*While they Dance*  
*the rest confer.*

*Re.* 'Tis well: And all are friends.

*Fer.* You have my potestation: and in that,

Madam,

Madam, my faith before these noble friends.

*Str.* Upon those honourable termes fir *Ferdinando* I will be yours.

*Cit.* Sheel' have him, it seemes at last.

*Sw.* Shee's a wife widdow by't : for sure enough, she saw something in his mad naked fit, when hee put her to't, to choose a husband by, wo' not out of her thought yet.

What is there more to say now Madam ?

*Str.* You question well.

*Sw.* But to Supper and to bed ?

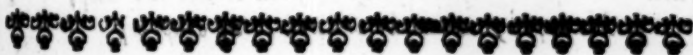
*Str.* You consider well.

*Sw.* We have had other pastime enough.

*Str.* You reason well, Would all were pleas'd as well  
T'absolve that doubt, to those we must appeale.



FINIS.





## EPILOGUE.

Strang. **L** Adyes, your suffrages I chiefly crave  
For th' humble Poet. Tis in you to save  
Him, from the rigorous censure of the rest,  
May you give grace as y' are with Beauty blest.  
True : Hee's no dandling on a Courtly lap,  
Yet may obtaine a smile, if not a clap.

Ferd. I'm at the Cavaliers. Heroick spirits,  
That know both to reward, and atchieve merits,  
Do, like the Sun-beames, vertuously dispense  
Upon the lowest growths their influence,  
As well as on the lofty : our Poet so  
By your Phebean favours hopes to grow.

Cit-w. And now you generous spirits of the City  
That are no lesse in money then braine Wity,  
My selfe, my Bride, and pretty Bride boy too,  
Our Poet for a Boun preferres to you.

Phil. And though you tast of no such Bride-ale Cup,  
He hopes y' allow the Match to be slapt up.

Boy. And, if this Play be naught (yes so he said)  
That I should gi' yee my Mother for a Mayd.

Swa. And why you now ? or you ? or you ? I'll speak  
enough for you all, you now would tell the Audients they  
should not feare to throng hither the next day : for you  
wil secure their Purfes cut-free, and their pockts pick-free.  
Tis much for you to do tho'. And you would say that all  
your

your projects are put down, and you'll take up no new:  
 but what shall be (spectators) to please you. And you  
 Poetick part induces you, t'appologize now for the Poet  
 too, as they ha' done already, you to the Ladies, you to the  
 Cavaliers and Gentry; you to the City friend, and all  
 for the Poet, Poet, Poet, when alls but begging tho'. I'll  
 speak to 'em all, and to my Countrey folkes too if here  
 be any o' em: and yet not beg for the Poet tho', why  
 should we? has not he money for his doings? and the best  
 price too? because we would ha' the best: And if it be not,  
 why so? The Poet has shewd his wit and we our man-  
 ners. But to stand beg, beg for reputation for one that has  
 no countenance to carry it, and must ha' money is such a  
 Pastime! — If it were for one of the great and curious  
 Poets that give these Playes as the Prologue said, and mo-  
 ney too, to have 'em acted; For them, indeed, we are  
 bound to ply for an applause. Because they look for no-  
 thing else, and scorn to beg for themselves. But then you'll  
 say those Playes are not given to you; you pay as much  
 for your seats at them as at these, though you sit nere the  
 merrier, nor rise the wiser, they are so above common  
 understanding; and tho' you see for your love you will  
 judge for your money, why so for that too, you may.  
 But take heed you displease not the Ladies tho' who are  
 their partiall judges, being brib'd by flattering verses to  
 commend their Playes; for whose faire cause, and by  
 their powerfull voyces to be cry'd up wits o' Court, the  
 right worshipfull Poets boast to have made those enter-  
 ludes, when for ought you know they bought 'em of Uni-  
 versitie Scholars tho', and onely shew their own wits in  
 owning other mens; and that but as they are like neither.  
 As thus, do you like that Song? yes. I made it. Is that Scene  
 or that Jest good? Yes. Twas mine; and then if all be  
 good 'twas all mine. There's wit in that now. But this  
 small Poet vents none but his own, and his by whose care  
 and

and directions this Stage is govern'd, who has for many  
 yeares both in his fathers dayes, and since directed Poets  
 to write & Players to speak, till he traind up these youthe  
 here to what they are now. I some of 'em from before  
 they were able to say a grace of two lines long to have  
 more parts in their pates then would fill so many Dry-  
 fats. And to be serious with you, if after all this, by  
 the venemous practise of some, who study nothing more  
 then his destruction, he should faile us, both Poets and  
 Players would be at losse in Reputation. But this is from  
 our Poet agen, who tels you plainly all the helps he has  
 or desires; And let me tell you he has made pretty merry  
 Jigges that ha' pleas'd a many. As (le'me see) th' *Anti-  
 podes*, and (oh I shall never forget) *Tom Hoyden o'  
 Tanton Deane*. Hee'l bring him hither very shortly in  
 a new Motion, and in a new paire o' slops and new  
 nether-stocks as briske as a Body-lowse in a new  
 Pasture.

*Meane while, if you like this, or not, why sa?  
 You may be pleas'd to clap at parting tho'.*

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F I N I S.

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